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The Pageant of Bloomington and Indiana University

THE EDUCATIONAL DEVELOPMENT
OF INDIANA AS FOCUSED IN THIS
COMMUNITY AND SERVED BY THE
STATE UNIVERSITY

By

WILLIAM CHAUNCY LANGDON¹¹



ON THE UNIVERSITY CAMPUS
BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA
MAY SIXTEEN, SEVENTEEN, AND EIGHTEEN
NINETEEN HUNDRED SIXTEEN

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FOREWORD

The Pageant of Bloomington and Indiana University, one of the Indiana Centennial Pageants, seeks to represent the educational development of the State as it has been focused in this community and served by the State University here located during the past one hundred years. The parts are taken by citizens of Bloomington and professors and students of Indiana University and their families, all uniting to produce the drama of the history and life of their common community.

The pageant grounds are located on the edge of the campus of Indiana University, sloping up to the Observatory and to the newer University buildings seen beyond. To the right of the grandstand the closely massed trees of the campus give the effect of a wooded wilderness reminiscent of the pioneer days.

The Pageant of Bloomington and Indiana University has been written and composed on the principle that both dramatically and musically the pageant is a distinct and individual art-form, having its own laws and its own technique. All the elements of this pageant have been worked together, in accordance with these laws and technical considerations, to produce, if may be, in the sequence of actual, typical, or symbolic scenes, a clear, beautiful, and impressive drama of the life of this community.

In presenting the historical material a certain freedom has necessarily been exercised for the sake of dramatic clarity and effectiveness. In many instances the language of the dialogue is in the actual words of the characters represented. It has, however, seemed inadvisable to indicate these passages by quotation marks, on account of the frequent necessity for making slight changes, omissions, or additions in the wording to suit the situation as represented. So also in producing the pageant certain omissions have been deemed advisable which it did not seem necessary to eliminate in the printed form of the pageant.

W.C.L.

OUTLINE OF THE PAGEANT

I. Introduction: The Pioneers

1. The Settling of Bloomington (1818).
2. The Indiana Seminary (1820).
3. The Installation of President Andrew Wylie (1829).

II. Light and Truth

4. The Hoosier Opposition (1850).
5. North and South (1861).
6. The New Regime (1883).

III. The Age of Wood and Stone

7. The City Schools.
8. The Chamber of Commerce.
9. The Service of the State.

IV. Finale: Centennial!

The above dates are in general approximate only, in some instances events of more than one year being brought into the same episode. The time of Episodes 7, 8, and 9 is in general of the present.

The Pageant of Bloomington and Indiana University

I. INTRODUCTION: THE PIONEERS

THE full orchestra sounds forth fortissimo the theme of The Hymn to Indiana, based on the chief motif of the pageant, the Indiana motif. When this is once clearly stated, the music immediately passes to the Hope motif. Coming as in answer to the call in the music, the spirits of Hope appear in the far background emerging from among the trees, running forward and stopping to listen eagerly, then calling, singing with a mere vocable the simple Hope motif. They are young women in blue, blue as of the sky, flashing as with light, ever changing and iridescent. From all the arc of the background they come in ever increasing numbers, converging as they approach.

When they have come near enough for their mass to dominate the scene, there is heard clearly in the orchestra the motif of Determination, and there come in answer from either side of the grandstand the spirits of Determination, young men in some one deep, rich, forceful color such as simple purple. They advance more in mass, more slowly, in a slower rhythm. They stop at intervals as they advance and answer the call of the spirits of Hope, replying to them similarly in a lower tone, singing, calling back and forth, and approaching nearer and nearer to each other, the spirits of Hope for the most part advancing but a little, while the spirits of Determination with strong, bold steps advance directly toward them, till they meet and join in a whirling dance of exquisite joyousness, the music of which is based on the two motifs of Hope and Determination, the one rapidly sweeping free as air through all the range of music in the strings and woodwind, while the other moves strong and inflexible in the brass. The motion of the dance corresponds in the two groups.

While this dance still continues, there comes, almost intrudes, into the music a new motif, essentially human, the

motif of the Pioneers. It increases rapidly until it subordinates the other two motifs. The spirits feel the interruption and stop to find the source of the new element. They turn their search toward the woods to the southeast. There they see a procession of Pioneers making their way slowly, painfully, with great difficulty along. They are men, women, and children, mostly on foot, a few on horseback, one or two driving oxen. Those in front are clad in buckskin, jeans, and linsey-woolsey; those behind near the end of the procession are dressed as of the first part of the nineteenth century. When the spirits of Hope see the Pioneers they raise their arms to them to cheer them on and sing their call to them. The Pioneers, seeing and hearing them, take courage and plod on. The spirits of Determination then also give their motif call and the Pioneers respond, repeating it.

Breaking in upon this encouragement, discordant Indian phrases are heard in the music. From the two sides of the little wooded ravine along which the Pioneers come there pour stealthily down on them bands of Indians attacking them with ferocity, yelling the war-whoop, shooting their arrows, and brandishing their tomahawks. The Pioneers resolutely draw together to resist, and struggle to make their way on toward their goal. The spirits of Determination rush forward to the rescue. They divide into two lines to protect both sides of the Pioneers, and some of the spirits of Hope rush down between and mingle with the men, women, and children of the Pioneers, cheering them and encouraging them, as the spirits of Determination help the men to repel and drive off the Indians. The rest of the spirits of Hope remain where they were, near the orchestra, singing their call of Hope constantly with the music of the orchestra.

As the contest goes on more and more successfully, the Indiana motif mingles more and more distinctly with the other motifs in the orchestra and the Indian phrases disappear, until the Pioneers come on again, successful and enheartened, escorted by the spirits of Hope and Determination, the music now opulent with the motif of Indiana.

As they arrive at the nearer grounds the spirits point to the University, and the Pioneers all turn to see the vision toward which they press, as the orchestra swings full and strong into the Hymn to Indiana, and the chimes in the University tower join in the melody also. At the same time the symbolic figure of the State of Indiana, attended by the figures

of the City of Bloomington and of the University, appear on the slope to the gaze of the Pioneers. Thus escorted now by all the spirits singing their motifs, the Pioneers proceed on their way, acclaiming with outstretched arms the future, women lifting their babies to see and men doffing their coonskin caps and beavers and pointing the children to the vision of their ideals. So they pass on and out, the music closing with the plain statement of the Indiana theme as in the Hymn.

EPISODE ONE: THE SETTLING OF BLOOMINGTON

(From the south comes a man, a pioneer, leading a horse on which is seated a rather frail woman with a child in her arms. Another child hangs on behind her. The woman seems quite worn with fatigue and hardship. Their goods or plunder is also loaded on the animal. A boy trudges along behind his father. It is W. D. Hoof and his family. In answer to his call, Abner Blair comes out from his house at the north, soon followed by members of his family.)

HOOF: Hello the house!

BLAIR: Who's yere?

HOOF: Hello! Who keeps th' house!

(Hoof comes up closer and stops. The two men look each other over; after deliberate scrutiny to the point of satisfaction, the conversation is resumed.)

BLAIR: Will yer stop? What way yer goin'?

HOOF: Whar'bouts'll I find that 'ar town they're makin' 'round yer?

BLAIR: Yer thar. Right yer 's the place.

HOOF: This the place, eh?

BLAIR: Reckon kinda sorter. Come to the land sale?

HOOF: Well,—yes. Thought I'd look the ground over a bit anyway.

BLAIR: Yer'd settle?

HOOF: Right smart chance I might, but thought mor'n likely I'd go on over on the Shiney. You be n't Abner Blair, be yer?

BLAIR: Abner Blair's my name. Right down thar's my saw-mill I reckon yer heerd of, if yer lookin' fer me. Yere's where they's goin' to have the land sale.

HOOF: Kin I get bite an' bait yere?

BLAIR: Sure, an' welcome, ef yer a settler. Latch-string hangs outside. Sonny, lead the horse up that 'ar way an' tie him to a limb.

(Hoof helps his wife to dismount and lifts the child down. The boy leads the horse out toward Blair's cabin. While this:

conversation has been going on Mrs. Blair has been talking to Mrs. Hoof, and some of the younger Blair children have been inspecting the Hoof young ones from various points of vantage, according to their age. People also have been coming in from different directions to the land sale. Blair's oldest son has welcomed most of these. Some, coming from a distance, hail the house in regular fashion; others coming from the neighborhood omit any formal salutation or call their "Hello the house" in a perfunctory way, much as if merely saying "Good morning". Women, young people, and children come as well as men. It is distinctly an important and holiday occasion, affording opportunity for courtship and fun as well as for the purchase of real estate and the making of history. Among the others come Susannah Lee and Martha Brown, quiet, self-reliant women, able to take care of themselves if necessary and of their children who come with them. They are cordially greeted by Mrs. Blair and by the others. When the conversation above is about finished, the three County Commissioners, Bartlett Woodward, Michael Buskirk, and James Parks, are seen coming together from one direction, and soon after the County Agent, Benjamin Parke, and the County Clerk, William Lowe, from another.)

WOODWARD: Hello, who keeps th' house! They're coming, Abner.

LOWE: Hello, Abner! Hello th' house!

BLAIR: I'm ready for all that will come, Bartlett. Well, William, all fixed and ready?

BENJ. PARKE: George Whisenand brought over that bar'l of whisky yet, Abner?

BLAIR: What's that? I can take care of everyone that comes to my house without— My latch-string—

WOODWARD: That's all right, Abner. This is county business. I made the motion, and we voted, that the County Agent procure one barrel of whisky at the county's expense, allowed him \$33.50 for it, and have it at the sale of lots.

BLAIR: There's no need. I have plenty of everything and the people are welcome to it, all they want—for election, hold court, or anything.

WOODWARD: Nothing against your hospitality, Abner. This is county business. Some men's too 'tarnal tight on their money for their own good, and I thought we might as well make sure this yer sale was a success. Here he

comes. George, bring it right over this way. Now where's Jonathan Rogers? Help George open up the bar'l.

(Eben Blair, with the help of other young men, brings out a puncheon table, with a stool to sit on, ink, and quills. The whisky barrel is brought over and Jonathan Rogers takes his place by it with a gourd. While these preparations are being made, Woodward takes Blair to one side and points out a rather prosperous looking man talking in a rather officious manner to some of the settlers.)

WOODWARD: Abner, who's that man?

BLAIR: I don't know. I never seen him before.

WOODWARD: I don't like his looks. Looks to me like he might be a speculator. We'll have to keep an eye on him. And that one; ever see him before?

BLAIR: No. Looks a bit kinder sorter stuck up; still he looks like he's just new to the wooden country.

(David McHolland, the first settler in the county, is seen coming up from the south, rifle on shoulder and fiddle under his arm.)

BUSKIRK: Here, young people, here's old Dave McHolland! An' brought his fiddle, so 's yer can dance all yer like after the sale!

(Cheers from the young people, who run to meet McHolland and bring him down to the group gathered for the sale.)

MCHOLLAND: Hello the house! Who keeps th' house! Hello th' house!

BUSKIRK: Dave, we're going to start a fine city here today.

MCHOLLAND: That's right! That's right! I knew what I was a-doin' when I picked these parts to squat in. Glad to see yer all come to my county! Glad to see yer all! Maybe I'll move up myself, start a blacksmith shop.

YOUNG PEOPLE: Play for us, Dave! Play for us!

MCHOLLAND: Heh? What yer want, "Old Dan Tucker"?

(He starts to tune his fiddle and rasps out a strain of "Old Dan Tucker". One or two of the young men start to jig. Then Dave stops.)

MCHOLLAND: Wait a bit; wait a bit! After the sale! They'll be stopping us if we begin now, and when we begin to

dance we won't stop till tomorrow morning, eh boys!
What say, girls!

(Johnny Appleseed comes in leading his horse. His garden tools and seeds on the horse, and sprays of apple blossoms stuck in the bridle. He is greeted with cries of joy and many run forward to meet him, especially women and children.)

SEVERAL: Here's Johnny Appleseed! Here's Johnny Appleseed!

(An eastern man, Granville Ward, saunters up, the second of the two Woodward noticed. Others also join the group as Parks proceeds to extol the praises of the future town.)

WARD: What's the name of your town going to be?

BENJ. PARKE: Bloomington is the name of the town.

WARD: Bloomington,—that's what the name will be, eh?

BENJ. PARKE: No, that's what it *is*. It's a'ready surveyed and platted out and named. Johnny Appleseed named it. The County Court House is goin' to be yonder on a little hill; corn-field thar now; yer can most see it through the trees if yer go up yere on the rise a piece.

(Greatly impressed, the men stand at gaze, thinking it over.)

WARD: Hm! Bloomingtown, eh?

BENJ. PARKE: No. Bloomington. It's yere is going to be the University they made in the State constitution down to Corydon two years ago come two months from now. Yes sir-ree, the Seminary township is located right next, to the south thar. President Madison picked it himself more nor two year ago. Shows what *he* thinks of it round yere! Yer can't buy that 'ar, not yet. *(Abner Blair comes up to the group and hears Parke holding forth.)* This will be the center of the whole of these yere U-nited States afore long too, see ef it ain't!

BLAIR: Center of everything, right here!

SHERIFF: Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! By authority of the Commissioners of the County of Monroe, there will be sold here and now at public auction 208 lots in the town of Bloomington right here, each lot 66 feet front on the street and 132 feet deep. Lewis Noel will cry the lots; James Parks is Clerk of the Sale. Step up and bid for your lots.

(Lewis Noel mounts the stump and conducts the auction. Those who are interested in a lot crowd up while it is being bid off, and the others give way. Most of the women and young people hang around on the edge of the crowd. The excitement increases and the bidding becomes more and more spirited. David H. Maxwell and Jonathan Lindley, among others, buy lots. Once in a while when someone of means lags in his bidding, Bartlett Woodward nods to Jonathan Rogers and he offers the laggard a gourd of whisky, to the manifest advantage of his bidding. There is plenty of jovial rough friendliness but no vulgar boisterousness in consequence. At one point an attractive lot is offered and several start in to bid for it against one, Samuel Coleman, but the bidding is quickly interrupted.)

SEVERAL: Sam 's built on that lot a'ready. That 's whar he 's got his cabin.

BIDDERS: All right, let it go! Let him have it!

NOEL: What am I bid? I have \$50 for this lot! I have \$50!

SPECULATOR: Sixty dollars. *(Murmurs of protest from the crowd.)*

NOEL: I have \$50 for this lot.

SPECULATOR: Sixty! *(Murmurs of protest become threatening.)*

NOEL: I say I have \$50 for this lot and it 's going, going, gone to Samuel Coleman. *(Cheers from the crowd.)*

(The bidding continues more and more spiritedly. One lot runs up to \$175; another up to \$210. Hoof buys a lot for \$85.)

BUSKIRK: Lewis, ha' yer got a nice lot for Mrs. Brown here? Her man was killed by the Indians a bit ago and she wants to come here to bring up the children near her brother.

NOEL: Just the thing for her! *(Cheers.)* Mrs. Brown, bid right in on it now. Lot Number 43, corner of Cherry and Water Streets! What am I bid?

MRS. BROWN *(amid silence)*: \$25!

NOEL: Twenty-five dollars I have! \$25! Another bid! Bid, Buskirk!

BUSKIRK: Twenty-six!

SPECULATOR: Thirty-five dollars! *(Outburst of protest.)*

MRS. BROWN: Oh, I've lost it!

NOEL: No, you have not. Twenty-six I have. (*Cheers.*)
Now bid again, Mrs. Brown! I have to have more nor
one bid to make a sale.

SPECULATOR (*in angry defiance*): Thirty-five I bid. This is
not a free sale. You are giving these lands away to your
friends. (*Angry exclamations from the crowd.*) Thirty-
five!

MRS. BROWN (*Buskirk coaching her*): Twenty-seven!

SPECULATOR: *Thirty-five!*

NOEL: Twenty-seven I have! (*Cheers.*) Going, going, gone
to Mrs. Martha Brown for \$27. (*Loud cheers.*)

(*There are threatening movements and mutterings against
the speculator among the men of the crowd. Bartlett Wood-
ward and Abner Blair quiet the men and restrain them. Wood-
ward goes over to the speculator and draws him aside.*)

WOODWARD: You take my advice and have a drink. You have
a long ways to go and you may need to brace up for it, for
you've just time to make it if you start right out now and
keep a-goin'. (*Pointing to the south.*) Right that way
your way goes. I do not know how far, for I don't know
whar yer come from, but it's the same distance. (*The
speculator starts to show resistance in a nervy manner.*)
You can have another drink first if you want it, but
you've not time for more than one. The boys is getting
some grudge against that tree yonder somehow nor other,
and that tree lies just a powerful smart heap sight in
your path. Go!

(*There is a cheer and a laugh from the crowd. Some of the
young men draw guns. The speculator looks about him a mo-
ment and then starts. One young man takes a shot in the
same general direction.*)

WOODWARD: Give him a chance, boys, jest one chance!

(*The speculator runs. The young men fire after him with-
out trying to hit him, laughing and shouting and then firing
in the air as he disappears. The auction continues. Benjamin
Parke is keeping track of the sale, looking over the shoulder
of James Parks, the Clerk of the Sale.*)

BENJ. PARKE: One more lot! Bid it up, boys!

(The last lot is sold for \$115. There is a great cheer as the Crier announces the close of the sale and comes down from the stump. Woodward takes a list from the Clerk of the Sale and announces the result.)

WOODWARD: The 208 lots are all sold and the proceeds amount to \$14,326.85, payable in four years' time, cash paid down \$3,860! *(Cheers.)* Now, Dave, start up the dance! Everybody to the cabin! Take turns a-dancin'!

(David McHolland begins playing his fiddle with vim and all go running and dancing out past him together.)

OLE DAN TUCKER

Ole Dan'l Tucker clomb a tree,
His Lord and Marster for to see.
De limb hit broke and Dan got a fall—
Nuver got to see his Lord at all!

Git out o' the way, Ole Dan Tucker! *(three times)*
You're too late to git your supper.

Miss Tucker she went out one day
To ride with Dan in a one-horse sleigh.
De sleigh was broke, and de horse was blind—
Miss Tucker she got left behind.

As I come down de new cut road
I spied de peckerwood and de toad,
And every time de toad would jump
De peckerwood hopped upon de stump.

And next upon de gravel road
I met Brer Tarrypin and Brer Toad,
And every time Brer Toad would sing
Brer Tarrypin cut de pigeon wing.

Ole Dan and me we did fall out,
And what d'ye reckon it was about?
He trod on my corn and I kicked him on the shins;
That's jest the way this row begins.

If Ole Dan he had co'n to buy,
He'd mo'n and wipe his weepin' eye;
But when Old Dan had co'n to sell,
He was as sassy as all hell.

Mrs. Tucker is big and fat;
Her face is as black as my old hat;
Her nose sticks out, and her eyes stick in,
And her under lip hangs down below her chin.

Git out o' the way, Ole Dan Tucker!
You're too late to git your supper.

EPISODE TWO: THE INDIANA SEMINARY

(From the north come running a group of boisterous boys just let out of school; after them some more boys of quieter sort and some girls. At the end comes the master on his way home, accompanied by a group of four or five young people and one little fellow.)

BOY: I could ha' spelled it, ef I 'd thought.

ANOTHER: Yer could not. Susie can spell yer out any day. She can spell the whole book without the words called.

BOY: So kin I, ef I git started.

GIRL: Yer kin not. Susie can spell the book through three times without a word called out. Ask the master ef she can 't.

BOY: Well, I kin spell it through once anyway.

(A man comes through, the other direction, axe and gun on shoulder. As he meets the boys he grabs one by the arm.)

MAN: Yere! What yer doin' 'round yere doin' nothin'? Git down to the dead'nin' and tend them fires and chop that 'ar wood, and be quick erbout it. *(As the boy disappears in a hurry, the man accosts the master, who comes along just then.)* Addison Smith, how 's thet 'ar boy of mine a-doin'? I think yer do n't lick him enough, bust my rifle ef I do!

SMITH: He does well. He 's interested in his studies and works hard.

MAN: Well, lick him! Lick him! Make him work! I want he should get the good out of his schoolin'. Kin he spell? Lick him till he kin!

SMITH: I don't need to lick him. He works hard without.

MAN: Lickin' and larnin' goes together. How kin he get any larnin' 'ithout the lickin'? That 'ar 's the way I was brung up and see me now! He 's got to take lots o' lickin's when he gets out in life makin' his own, and he better larn to take 'em now.

SMITH: But I do n't lick a boy if I do n't need to.

MAN: Wall, I aluz did suspect yer did n't half know yer business. Ef he 's doin' purty well without lickin' think how much better he 'd do with it! He 's my boy and my woman's boy and I want yer to understand that I'm a-paying good money,—money an' dicker,—fer him to git the best there is, an' I want you ter see thet he gits it. Now d' yer hear me?—you lick him!

(The master is saved from having to promise to inflict chastisement for edification only by the approach of Dr. David H. Maxwell, Jonathan Lindley, and other members of the Board of Trustees of Indiana Seminary. Coming the other way the Rev. Isaac Reed, the Presbyterian minister, approaches, accompanied by the Rev. Baynard R. Hall.)

DR. MAXWELL: Ah, Mr. Reed, it is a pleasure to see you among us again! I presume your brother-in-law has told you that the Trustees have elected him to be President and Professor of Ancient Languages for the term of one year and school to commence as early as practicable.

MR. REED: Yes, he told me and I was offering him my felicitations on the election.

JONATHAN LINDLEY: You rendered us a valuable service, sir, when you suggested his name to us and told us that he was already living here in the New Purchase.

B. R. HALL: The election, I assure you, Dr. Maxwell, was deemed by me a great honor, and I accepted the appointment not for the stipend paid as my salary, but I have for some years longed to be in the romantic west and to be numbered among its earliest literary pioneers.

MR. REED: That is certain, my friend!

B. R. HALL: Indeed, I believe I can already claim the distinction of being the first one to read Greek in the New Purchase!

DR. MAXWELL: We are to open the Seminary at once.

B. R. HALL: I am enthusiastically impatient to commence my labors.

MR. REED: Bloomington is to have its College at last!

DR. MAXWELL: Not College, as yet, Seminary.

MR. REED: Aye, but the Seminary is but a stepping-stone to the College.

B. R. HALL: And that to the University!

JONATHAN LINDLEY: The Indiana University!

DR. MAXWELL: That is certainly what we all have in mind, what we are working for!

(Several people, both men and women, and of various callings, have approached during this conversation, waiting for a chance to be heard. Dr. Maxwell sees them and turns toward them.)

EBENEZER: Now, David Maxwell, it kinder sorter seems to us that this 'ar college of oun oughter to be startin', an' we want it to. If this 'ar es agoin' to help this 'ar town we 're ready.

DR. MAXWELL: The Seminary opens today, Ebenezer.

JONATHAN LINDLEY: Mr. Hall is here for that purpose now.

EBENEZER: Well, thet 's good. I hear he kin spell all the words ther is, and cipher and knows a whole lot more.

DR. MAXWELL: He is thoroughly competent, Ebenezer, to teach a classical seminary, and he is a good western man to boot, who has come here to live among us.

ANOTHER MAN: How much do yer pay him, may I ask?

DR. MAXWELL: Certainly you may. This is the people's seminary and is supported by the State's money. He is paid \$250 a year.

WOMAN: But it's an honor to teach in the people's collidge! He oughter be glad to sarve for nothing.

MAN: Or at least be content with a dollar a day, more nor double what a feller gits fer mauling rails.

DR. MAXWELL: The Seminary will open today, my friends. Send your boys to Mr. Hall at once, all who want to have a classical education. The tuition will be \$5 a year.

EBENEZER: Five dollars a year! But the State's a-payin' fer this, an' it ought not cost anything, even the most power-fullest, highest larnin' should not cost us a cut quarter. Why should we pay fer it twice?

JONATHAN LINDLEY: Send your boys right to Mr. Hall. The building is not finished, so he will see them here.

(There is some quiet consideration of the situation as the doubting people withdraw and the Trustees confer among

themselves, during which there is silence. Then a number of boys of various sizes come in, some with books and some without. They go up to Mr. Hall in the center, who leaves the Trustees.)

THE FIRST MAN: Well, I'll jest take my boy out 'n the school and send him yere to the College. He's got to have the best there is!

(He goes off and soon the boy, axe in hand, comes and joins those in front of Hall. The girls stand off to one side in a group and listen.)

HALL: Boys and young gentlemen, I am happy to see you. We are now about to commence our State College, or Seminary. I hope all feel what an honor attends being the first students. By proper exertions on our parts it may eventually rise to the level of the eastern colleges and be a blessing to our State and country. You have all, I suppose, the necessary books?

BOYS: I've got 'em.

Me, too.

I've brung most on 'em.

Master, Uncle Billy's to fetch mine out in his wagin about Monday next.

Father says he could n't mind the names and wants 'em on a paper.

Books! I never heern tell of any books! Won't these here ones do, master? This here's the Western Spellin' one; and this one's the Western Kalkelatur?

Mr. Hall, I fotched my copy-book and a bottle of red ink to sit down siferin in; and daddy wants me to larn book-keepin' and surveyin'.

HALL: Order, boys, order! There is a misunderstanding with some, both as to the books and the whole design and plan of the school, I perceive. This is to be a Classical and Mathematical School, and no person can be admitted unless intending to enter upon the prescribed course, and that includes, even at the start, Latin and Greek. Now, first, who are to study the dead languages?

BOYS: I do. I do. Me too.

HALL: You, then, come over here. Let me have your names. Yours?

THE TEN: Findlay Dodds; James F. Dodds; Aaron Furgeson;

Hamilton Stockwell; John Todd; Michael Hummer; Samuel C. Dunn; James W. Dunn; James A. Maxwell; Joseph A. Wright.

HALL: Joseph Wright, I appoint you to ring the Seminary bell during your college course. I will attend to you ten directly, so soon as I have dismissed the others. (*To others:*) I regret, my young friends, that you are disappointed. In order to enter, you must be qualified. Indeed, if I wished I have no power to admit you. I hope therefore you will now go home and explain the matter to your parents.

BOY: Daddy says he does n't see no sort a' use in the high larn'd things, and he wants me to larn English only and book-keepin' and surveyin', so as to tend store and run a line.

ANOTHER: I allow, Mister, we've near about as good a right to be larn'd what we wants as them t' other fellers over there.

THIRD: It's a free school fer all!

(There is some grumbling as the rejected boys go off in two groups toward either end of the grandstand. Their grumbling gets louder and louder the farther from Hall they go, until as they go out they are shouting names at him.)

BOYS: Don't want yer high larnin'! . . . High larnin' ain't no good fer makin' a livin' anyway; father says so! . . . High larnin'! High larnin'!

HALL: Now, you who are the first students of the College, come here into the shelter of the growing building and I will start you in Latin. First, we will learn the word for Star, Stella,—what is it?

THE TEN: Stella, the star.

HALL: Yes, Stella, the Star. May it lead you in all you do! Come, I will take the utmost pains to drill you well, so that what you learn in this University, or College, may stand you in good turn all through your lives.

(They withdraw up to the shelter of the building, where they study under Mr. Hall's guidance, he standing, a few standing with him, most of them sitting on the ground, books in hand, during the succeeding action. . . . From either side come discontented people, men and women with some children

tagging along behind. Some start to go right up to Hall and his class, as if to intrude upon him their unmistakable displeasure; others gather in little groups to talk out their grievances.)

ONE: He's too 'tarnal stuck-up with his high and big-bug larnin' what he won't teach to none but what he chooses, and what ain't no good to no one nohow.

ANOTHER: Rat, tha's what he is, a rat, a Presbyterian rat! They's jist a-laying their tracks how they going to take this yere collidge fer theirselves, thet's what they're up to. See ef they ain't!

THIRD: Thar he is, look at 'im takin' the people's eddikashin money fer larnin' ristocrats' sons high-flown words. Gimme thet 'ar stone; I'll do fer 'im!

ANOTHER: Why don't he work fer his living like honest folk?

FOURTH: It ud be a right smart chance better to have no collidge nohow if all folks hain't equal right to larn what they most like best.

(Amid a great hub-bub there enters Gen. Jacob Lowe with a following of more malcontents. At the same time, evidently with determination to offset his trouble-making, there come other people more conservative in manners and more classical in predilections.)

JACOB LOWE: What do you say? You are the people! This yere's your money they's throwin' away, givin' to 'Ristocrats and Rats! People, they's electin' another perferesser now, an' he's a Presbyterian Rat an' Ristocrat too! Those who will stand up fer their rights, foller me!

(A number of the worse element gather around Jacob Lowe and are about to start off with him, when they are stopped by the appearance of the Board of Trustees coming toward them. Lowe points at them in dumb anger. Dr. Maxwell is walking in front, Prof. John N. Harney, the newly elected Professor of Pure and Applied Mathematics, with him. Everyone quiets down. There is dead silence as the Trustees approach. When Jacob Lowe addresses the Trustees, they stop.)

LOWE: Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Board:—hem!—
I have the honor to be the organ of the people—hem!—
and we're here to forbid the election of thet 'ar Mr. Harney, thet Ohio Buckeye to be *our* Professor of Mathe-

matucs. An' they say they do n't want two teachers of the same religion nohow. It's the people's collidge an' it's their eddikashin money an' they say it's better to have 'em of different creeds,—hem!—and I say it—hem! and—

MAXWELL: It is with regret, General Lowe, and my respected fellow-citizens, that I interrupt this eloquent utterance, but in the present case I really do believe the danger is not to be apprehended. We all know the liberal sentiments of the President of the Seminary, Professor Hall, towards all religious bodies. Then, too, the gentleman just elected by us,—I say, just elected by us,—to be Professor of Pure and Applied Mathematics, Prof. John M. Harney, is not known to be a member of any communion. Lastly, we Trustees are of six different denominations ourselves and will surely guard against any danger such as is mentioned. Had this honorable representation come but fifteen minutes sooner, something might have been done or at least considered, but now it is too late for us to retrace our steps. Fellow-citizens, I introduce to you Professor Harney. You will find him a western man.

(Baynard R. Hall goes over and grasps Harney by the hand. Those of Dr. Maxwell's inclining cheer loud and heartily and also go up to greet the new man. Jacob Lowe's friends retort with groans and angry shouts of disapproval. The disorder grows apace, but is suddenly interrupted by a horseman riding in with warning.)

RIDER: The Governor! The Governor is coming, with a lot of other big-bugs!

(Reluctant order is restored by the disturbing element, and all turn in the direction whence the rider came. Up the road is seen riding on horseback with a certain pompous but yet real dignity, the Governor of the State of Indiana, James Brown Ray, attended by Judge James Scott and others, the members of the Board of Visitors. As soon as he has well reached the place, with an evident appreciation of the spectacular effectiveness of his great office, the Governor stops and awaits the proper greeting of his people. Dr. Maxwell goes forward to greet and welcome the Chief Magistrate; the men all uncover their heads. Without dismounting, the Governor speaks from the saddle.)

GOVERNOR: We have come to you, my fellow-citizens of Bloomington,—we, His Excellency, Governor of your State and the Board of Visitors of the Indiana Seminary,—in the exercise of our functions to inspect the State Seminary which is located in your midst. In order that I might personally fulfill this duty I have for the time abandoned all the other important responsibilities of my office of Governor of Indiana, for the reason that this is an occasion of great moment. I foresee that the educational development of this State is destined to marvelous development. I foresee that this Seminary will speedily become first a College, and then a University, and I trust that we ourselves may make a report which will soon precipitate measures to that end. Such being the future of this institution and of this town, it is fitting, right, and proper that I, James Brown Ray, Governor of Indiana, should be present on this historic occasion. Fellow-citizens, let us proceed to the auspicious performance of our duties. Let the President and Board of Trustees, the Faculty, and the Students precede us. People of Indiana, attend us!

(In the order designated by the Governor, all depart in a loose procession out around the south end of the grandstand.)

EPISODE THREE: THE INSTALLATION OF PRESIDENT WYLIE

(From back of the grandstand is heard the singing of an old Methodist camp-meeting hymn, followed by the Old Hundred Doxology as at the close of a meeting. There is a pause, about long enough for benediction. Then people come pouring along to big good-bye to the elder, the Rev. Lorenzo Dow. He is riding a good horse, and has the saddle-bags and other equipment of the circuit rider. He stops and turns to bid the people good-bye once more.)

Dow: God save you everyone, dear friends! This is the last time I shall look upon your faces until we meet at the foot of the Throne! And then, oh then, may there be not one missing! *(Amen! amen!)* You and I, old men and women, must soon be removed from this mortal state to go either to everlasting bliss or everlasting punishment. *(We must; we must. Glory Alleluia! Amen!)* What will become of the church when we are dead and gone? *(Groans.)* Young men, young women, I trust in God that many of you will now, even at this last moment, be converted, and washed in the blood of the Lamb, take up the cross and become the preachers and pious Christians of afterdays! *(Amen! Amen! Amen! Glory to God!)*

(Several young men on the edge of the crowd, one especially, laugh and make fun of the old circuit rider.)

Dow: Take care, sinner, take care, you who are laughing yonder! Turn not up the scornful nose, lest so you see not the pit yawning before you and you be lost in eternal fire for your sins and wickedness! Sinner, you are mine! I will save you from the evil one even now. Mark me, sinner, an hour ago, when the horn called out embattled hosts to private prayer, I knelt in yonder grove and prayed for you. Yes, laughing sinner, laugh no more! I prayed that some poor soul hastening on its way to hell might be given to me for my hire, and the Lamb promised me one, and you—are—he! *(Glory, Glory Alleluia! Amen! Amen! Glory to God!)*

(The young man to whom the rider addresses his remarks is struck in conscience and more and more is impressed by the

minister's earnest plea. At last he falls down on his knees, his face buried in his hands, sobbing with remorse as the brethren around him exult and praise God for his salvation. Dow dismounts from his horse, runs to him, puts his hand on his head in blessing, and lifts him up.

DOW: Praise God, O my brother, that He saved thee in time!

CONVERT: I praise Him! And I will go with thee wheresoever thou goest; I will follow thee and tend thee all thy days until thou cross the river. (*He goes and brings Dow's horse to him.*)

DOW: Come, my brother, God has given thee to me and me to thee. Come, we will go ride and tie together to the end.

(*Dow mounts his horse again, silently lifts his hand in blessing over his people, turns and rides away, the convert, after bidding a hasty farewell to his friends, running along beside him. The people wave farewell and Godspeed to the minister and then sing one stanza of the hymn.*)

(*When the minister has gone, under the high tension of feeling there is some weeping among the women and then, under the reaction, one of them collapses. The neighbors have a hard time to bring her to, and one or two even go to the extreme to lament that she is dead. Dr. David H. Maxwell comes riding in on his horse from a visit to patients. He is a man of forty-three, of slight build, fair, straight, six feet tall, dignified, courteous and kindly in manner. Seeing the trouble, he gets off his horse and comes to the group.*)

MAXWELL: What is the matter? Can I help?

A WOMAN: Nothing matter at all, Doctor. It's Sarah Jones, jest a' got religion; pretty bad she is, but she's in the hands of the Lord.

WOMEN: All right, doctor; you know best.

(*Dr. Maxwell ministers to the woman, first making the people draw back a little to give her air, and then giving her some salts to smell. Soon she revives.*)

SARAH JONES: Where am I? Oh, it's you, doctor? What's the matter with me?

MAXWELL: Just a little too much for the nerves; just a little nerves. You'll be all right soon, if you'll take care of yourself and not get excited.

A MAN: It's religion she got, and she's free from sin, praise God! She's a feeling woman, praise God!

ALL: Amen! Amen, praise God!

MAXWELL: Yes, yes, but we can feel deeply without tearing our nerves to pieces. The Bible says, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." Now do you feel better?

SARAH JONES: I feel better now, Doctor.

MAXWELL: Get up now and go home. Lie down and I will come to see you after a while.

(Some of the women help her and go out with her to the north of the grandstand. Dr. Maxwell takes his horse from the boy that has been holding it for him. Mrs. Maxwell and other ladies with young men helping them pass through, carrying chairs, dishes, bedding, and other household furnishings with which to fix up the Wylie's house for their reception.)

MRS. FARIS: Land sakes, Mrs. Maxwell, you goin' to lend those best painted chairs o' yourn?

MRS. MAXWELL: Yes, certainly. We want to make them comfortable and make them feel welcome, don't ye? You are lending your best.

MRS. FARIS: Yes, course I am, but my bestest chairs ain't nothin' compared to them chairs o' yourn.

MRS. ORCHARD: How'll they know who to return the things to?

MRS. MAXWELL: That will have to take care of itself later.

MRS. ORCHARD: I s'pose it would be kinder sorter awkward and inhospitable to go an' ask fer yer things back, and they won't know who they belongs to.

MRS. MAXWELL: The main thing for us to worry about now is to give them a place to sit down, and beds to sleep on and things to eat when they first get here all tired from their long journey.

MRS. SMITH: Yes, ez you say, thet's the main thing.

MRS. ORCHARD: They kin have my things as long as they like.

(The Post comes riding down the wood road at a good pace. He has a long tin horn which he blows vociferously. He car-

ries the mail in saddle-bags. The people quickly throng around him to receive their letters.)

SEVERAL: The Post! The Post!

AUSTIN SEWARD: Did you see anything of the new President coming along, Tim?

THE POST: Yes, he's not so far behind me. Coming at a fine rate. Got a barouche and a Conestoga wagon. Hall and young Maxwell was with him.

MAXWELL: We might well be getting together. Lewis Bollman told us he thought the wagons would get here about this hour of the afternoon today. You take my horse, John, and ride down the road till you see them and then come back as fast as you can and warn us. Meantime we will be getting the people together.

(A young man mounts the horse and rides off at a good pace. People begin to gather at the call of Dr. Maxwell and the others that assist him. Gordon Robinson, a veteran of the War of 1812, takes charge of forming the procession. Trustees, county officials, townspeople, students, all are present. A pole is brought in and erected, surmounted with the arrangement of candles representative of the twenty-four students, two professors, and one President of the College. The courier comes riding back at a gallop.)

COURIER: They're coming; they're coming! They are near!

(Professor Harney climbs a beech tree to see as soon as possible the actual approach. Jim Maxwell, Dr. Maxwell's fourteen-year-old son, and a few other boys also climb trees. There is quiet, the silence of expectation. Suddenly there is heard up the road the noise of bells, and commotion.)

SEVERAL: Here they come! Here they come!

ROBINSON: Fall in! Fall in, people! Fall in!

GRANNY SHEETS: What's happening? What's happening?

MRS. FARIS: The new President's coming.

GRANNY SHEETS: Vell, de vorld might come to an end and I not know it till next day.

(Excitement increases, the people hurriedly taking their places in line, until the first of a number of cows appears up the road, as the not inconsiderable herd come hurrying along, their cow-bells jangling and making quite a commotion. The people, laughing, break their ranks.)

ROBINSON: It's a lot of cows.

MAXWELL: But why should the cows be coming home at this time in the afternoon?

(The cows come swinging, jangling down the road, a great many of them. The boys start to head them off and drive them off to one side of the grandstand.)

HARNEY *(up the tree)*: Fall in! Fall in! James Maxwell's behind the cows! I see his handkerchief waving on his whip! The President's coming!

ROBINSON: Fall in! Fall in, quickly!

(The people in haste resume their places in line, the crowd backing up out of sight behind the grandstand as the line extends. Dr. Maxwell and the Trustees and County officials are in front; next the students, with Professor Harney at the head; then the citizens of Bloomington, their families and friends. As the last of the cows come down and are driven past on the slope above the crowd, James A. Maxwell is seen on his horse, coming ahead, his handkerchief tied to his whip which he waves. He wears blue breeches and green leggings, as also does Professor Hall. A short distance behind comes Professor Hall, also on horseback, just in front of a barouche in which are seated the new President, the Rev. Andrew Wylie, his wife, and his younger children. Behind the barouche comes a Conestoga wagon, by the side of which ride, on one horse, Lewis C. Bollman and a kinsman of his on way to Bloomington. The other children of the President's, with the others of his household, ride in the Conestoga, while one or two large boys walk by its side. A great cheer goes up as President Wylie comes in sight. At Gordon Robinson's order the procession of welcome advances a short way; then the Trustees and officials stop, while the townspeople advance in two lines, enfolding the Trustees between them and forming a pocket into which the President's barouche is driven. The President bows and stands and bows in acknowledgment of the continued cheering. Dr. Maxwell steps forward, taking papers from his hat, and puts up his hand for silence. Amid instant quiet, he addresses to the new President the welcome of the College,—Trustees, Faculty and Students, and of the people of Bloomington.)

MAXWELL: Dr. Wylie, in behalf of the Trustees, Faculty, and Students of Indiana College, and also in behalf of my fellow-citizens of the Town of Bloomington, I bid you wel-

come to our midst both as President of the College and as a citizen of the town. We also wish to welcome you and your family to all the fellowship of Indiana neighborhood. We all rejoice that the invitation to you to preside over our infant institution has been successful. The Board of Trustees have every confidence that under the guidance of so experienced and able an instructor, our institution will flourish and become a praise and a glory to our young and rising State. We are aware that your acceptance of our invitation has caused you to make many sacrifices and to enter upon a field of arduous labor. Yet from our knowledge of your character we are led to believe that when extensive usefulness is before you, privations and difficulties dwindle into insignificance. The Board of Trustees were entirely cordial and unanimous in your election and the present Faculty were both very desirous that you should accept our call. Now, then, that we have you at last among us, we bid you, President Wylie, most hearty welcome.

WYLIE: Dr. Maxwell, we heartily thank you, and all our colleagues of the Board of Trustees, the Faculty, and the Students, and also the people of Bloomington, for this very kind and auspicious welcome. We feel it is a great honor to take part as President of Indiana College in the true up-building of the State. With the assistance of our respectable colleagues and the support and coöperation of the Board and other friends of the infant institution, we will rely on God's blessing for success in the undertaking we are now about to commence, that of rearing up an institution which shall become, before long, the pride and glory of the State, the loved and revered spot to which her sons shall resort, to enjoy advantages, equal at least to those of any other seat of learning west of the Alleghenies. A people who undertake to maintain their liberties must foster institutions of learning. An educated man cannot exist without throwing light around him. I am a believer in the omnipotence of education, of education obtained in the nursery, at the paternal fireside, in the elementary school and at the college. Whatever industry and zeal on our part can effect, we here pledge for the accomplishment of this object; and if we should not meet with success, we shall at least try to deserve it.

(At the close of the addresses, Dr. Maxwell and the Trustees go up and shake hands with President and Mrs. Wylie. Professor Harney is presented and some of the townspeople; then the students in a body. Lewis Bollman approaches a man whom he has noticed taking notes of the addresses.)

BOLLMAN: What did you think of the new President's address? I saw you taking notes.

MAN: It was a very ordinary address, sir, a very ordinary address. He used but two words that I did not know the meaning of.

MAXWELL: Now, Colonel Robinson, we are ready.

ROBINSON: Fall in! Fall in your places again!

MAXWELL: We will now escort you to your home, which Mrs. Wylie will find the ladies of Bloomington have delighted to make ready for your reception. This evening there will be a feast and tonight an illumination in your honor.

(Under the direction of Gordon Robinson, the Trustees turn in and reverse their march; then follow the two Professors; half of the students; the President's barouche; the rest of the students; the Conestoga wagon; the townspeople. The people cheer and the President bows continually as they all march out.)

II. LIGHT AND TRUTH

With sudden and piercing brilliance the orchestra strikes instantly into a motif suggestive of clear Light in the strings accented with the cymbals and maybe the high brass. As suddenly there appears at the top of the slope the figure of Light, —not merely physical, but intellectual and spiritual as well. He shines in white radiance and carries in his right hand a great torch. He stands on the crest of the hill near the Observatory and calls to men to come and receive the fire of Light and Truth.

LIGHT: Light! Light! Light! Light! Ye Men of all the Earth
Who dwell throughout the range of Time and Space,
Arise! Arise from out the lower plane
Whereon you live! Bring forth the unlit torch
Of life! Receive the fire of Light and Truth!

In response to the call of Light there comes from one side of the grandstand the figure of the Hebrew race followed by several men of learning and inspiration of that race, Moses, David, and Isaiah. In close sequence from the other side there comes the figure of Greece, followed by Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle; then Rome followed by Caesar, Virgil, and Cicero. To each racial figure the Light inclines his torch and thereby lights its torch and says to them as they open their books:

LIGHT: Reveal the light! Unveil the truth!
Except by these dare not to live!
Except for these dare not to die!
Go forth upon thy way!

As these withdraw and take their places a little down the slope, there come in turn from either side the Arabians and the Monastic Learning of the Middle Ages; and then, coming from both sides, a larger group representing the Renaissance. They join as they go up through the center of the other groups who welcome them as the heirs of all alike. To these also the figure of Light inclines his torch and addresses his exhortation in briefer form:

LIGHT: Reveal the light! Unveil the truth!

Almost immediately following the Renaissance group, yet distinct from it, come two figures representing the Universi-

ties of Oxford and Cambridge, together from the same side. They go along the way the Renaissance group has gone, up through the middle, and as they approach the Light, the Renaissance group divides to welcome them among them and to introduce them to the Light. Herewith the music in the orchestra returning to the first clear form of the Light motif in the strings and cymbals works up to a first climax, marking the completion of the first, the European stage of the development.

As the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge turn round there enter people of the American Colonies,—Puritans from New England, Merchants from New York, Quakers from Pennsylvania, and Cavaliers from Virginia. They stand in two great groups near the grandstand, gazing at the academic tableaux before them. To them, one on either side, the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge go down, and from them bring the earlier American universities,—Harvard, William and Mary, Yale, Brown, Pennsylvania, Princeton,—and escort them up the slope to the Light. These in turn go back and take their places in front of their own people.

As this proceeds, a number of Hoosier backwoodsmen, hunters and pioneers, men, women, and children, come together in the center. Some of the eastern people join them. They stand far down by the grandstand in the center. To them the figure of Light calls:

LIGHT: Intrepid Indiana men, arise!

Raise high the torch that guides your feet from birth

To death along your trails and streams. Be all

Your ways with radiance filled, with Light! With Light!

At once, in answer to his call, there comes recurrent in the music the Indiana motif, and from among the pioneers there enters the State of Indiana. She advances part way up the slope and says that there is among these frontier people no university or means for spreading the light, but that she will herself supply the need and create a new, a State University.

STATE OF INDIANA: No torch sheds light, no volume shines for these;

But I, the State, will for them well provide!

The Torch! The book! The child! The robes and shield!

At her call for the torch and the book, two of those who have come from the east bring them. At her call for the child, a circuit rider and a pioneer lead forward to her a child dressed

only in the tunic. When the robes and the shield are brought to her, she robes the child in them, hangs the shield on her shoulder, and gives her the torch and the book. As all the Hoosiers raise their arms in acclamation, the State of Indiana leads the child up to the Light. He lights the torch and opens the book of the new State University, repeating in full the exhortation:

LIGHT: Reveal the light! Unveil the truth!

Except by these dare not to live! Except for these

Dare not to die! Go forth upon thy way!

The State of Indiana turns the child around and presents her to the people of the State, who acclaim their State and their University with shouts sung on the Indiana motif with the words:

ALL: All hail, Indiana, hail!

The music sweeps into a brilliant, ecstatic march built on the Indiana and the Light motifs, strong and clear, full orchestra. To a continuation of this march the academic groups descend the slope and go out at the base of the hill: first the ancient and mediaeval races, then the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge and the earlier American universities, followed by their people. The people of Indiana go forward to meet their State and the child University; then return and go out with them. The music returns to the clear intense music of pure Light with which the Interlude began, mainly in the strings and cymbals. The figure of Light vanishes whence he came to this music.

EPISODE FOUR: THE HOOSIER OPPOSITION (1850)

(Five Election Commissioners come on with table, chairs, rope, stakes, and ballot-box. They arrange these for the conduct of the election. At the same time men and women pass through preparing for a barbecue, carrying picks and shovels for the trench, wood, and creatures for the feast, an ox, a hog, baskets of vegetables and fruit. A man comes through the other direction driving a fine cow.)

POLITICIAN: Hello, Sam! Bringing that 'ar critter to the barbecue?

FARMER: No, sir-ree! That 'ar 's going to the Agricultural Society's fair! Goin' take a prize, too!

POLITICIAN: Ye're not sure; better bring her yere to us instead. *(Turning to another man.)* Fix up a place for the speakin', Bill. There ain't no stump worth anything here handy.

(Bill gets a large box and fixes a step up to it and nails a rail on. Men, women, and children come in, all kinds and classes. The smoke rises from the barbecue just back in the woods a little way. A stake with a big notice of the election and campaign placards of the parties and the issues is put up just back of the election place. A band is heard approaching. It comes in, playing an old-time tune, at the head of a procession, which marches around and comes to a stop at the speaking-place.)

ELECTION COMMISSIONER: The polls are open, gentlemen! Come and vote! Come and vote!

(Party workers immediately start to bring men up to vote and quickly a line is formed. Each voter is asked his name; the name is called out and verified on the books and, provided he is not challenged, the vote is put into the ballot box. The votes are pieces of paper of all kinds and description. After the ballot is deposited, the voter is asked:)

ELEC. COMM.: Are you for or against free schools, paid for by taxation?

(The answer, Yes or No, is recorded and the voter passes on to give way to the next, either going back to the speaking

or over toward the barbecue. This continues through the episode until the balloting is closed near the end and the vote is announced. From time to time the monotony of the election is varied by an incident out of the order.)

ELEC. COMM.: What's yer name?

VOTER: Ben Robertson.

ELEC. COMM.: You ain't old enough to vote yet.

VOTER: Yes, I am; I'm twenty-one. I could bring my ma and pa to prove it ef they wer n't dead both. Here's my birth certificate.

ELEC. COMM.: That ain't a birth certificate; that's a marriage license.

VOTER: Oh, is it?

ELEC. COMM.: Are you Benjamin T. Robertson? Are you married?

VOTER: Well, no; I'm not married—yet. That's my father's.

WORKER: Oh, let him vote, Bill, if he wants to. He'll vote all right.

(As the procession comes to a stand-still, the Chairman mounts the box, and is about to open the rally, when Cornelius Perring comes in with a group of the young ladies of the Monroe County Female Seminary. People make way for them.)

PERRING: I thank you. I think it proper that my young ladies should be interested in matters of public education.

CHAIRMAN: Ladies and gentlemen and fellow-citizens of Bloomington and Monroe County: It is with great pleasure I proceed to discharge the duties that you have done me the honor to impose upon me. This election is one of the greatest importance to every person here, man, woman, or child. The voters are this day to decide whether they favor free public schools paid for by State taxation (*cheers; and loud cries of No! and also cries not so strong of Yes!*), and they are to elect from their number one who shall represent them in the Constitutional Convention to prepare a new organic law for the State of Indiana. Today we have the honor of listening to three speakers. The first is an ardent champion of the proposition that the State should support free schools. I have the pleasure of introducing to you the Rev. Caleb Mills, of Crawfordsville, who will now address you.

CALEB MILLS: Ladies and gentlemen of Bloomington and Monroe County: With utmost confidence that your action at the polls today will be controlled by that noble and patriotic principle, *the public good*, I will proceed to the presentation of such facts and suggestions upon the subject of Education as may be of service to you. The true glory of a people consists in the intelligence and virtue of its individual members. On you now rests the responsibility of consummating what was so nobly conceived by the framers of our constitution, by registering such a vote in favor of free public schools supported by the State as shall justify your legislature in prompt, efficient, and adequate appropriation for education. The burdens its operation may occasion will not be reluctantly borne by a community that scorns the repudiation of a debt incurred for the construction of railroads and canals. The works contemplated by such a system of education are designed to develop the mental and moral resources of the rising generation, and convert every log cabin in the State into a depot of knowledge upon the great railroad of literature and science. We need no foreign capitalist to take such stock. Its dividends will be paid, not in some distant city, but at the fireside of every freeman in the commonwealth.

Let us ascertain how many of our youth are deprived of what should be the birthright of all, the means of an education. Then let the question be fairly met, what is the duty of this great, noble State? Of the 268,040 inhabitants over twenty years of age in Indiana in 1840, 38,100 were unable to read and write. One-seventh part of our adult population unable to read the word of God, or the votes they cast in the exercise of their election franchise! Of the approximately 319,344 children between five and twenty years of age in the State by the report of the superintendent of schools only 214,442 are receiving instruction and many of these doubtless only half the instruction each should receive. That is, many a parent pledges himself to patronize the district school a scholar and a half, and to avoid repudiation sends a half a dozen children at various times during the quarter a sufficient number of days to be equal to the regular attendance of one pupil for a quarter and a half.

A MAN IN THE CROWD: That's right, what he says. I do myself.

CALEB MILLS: In twenty-two counties of the State the number of those over twenty unable to read and write is one in less than 6,—from one in 5.9 to one in 2.3. There is one bright spot on our eastern horizon, which to the honor of the Friends deserves to be exhibited and which shows what can be done in Indiana when there is the disposition. The county of Wayne brings the number up to one in 222. (*Some polite but not too spirited applause.*) Among the States of the federal union Connecticut stands highest at one in every 311.2; the free States average at one in 11.6, while Indiana stands at one in 7, almost as low as the slave States at one in 5.6. This discloses a state of things that may well alarm us for the perpetuity of the Union and rouse the public mind.

A DRUNKEN MAN: On the wings of love I fly
From grocer-ee to grocer-eye!

CALEB MILLS: The State should pay for the education of her people. "What costs nothing is worth nothing." Let a State tax of two mills on the dollar be levied and a township tax of one mill on the dollar be authorized for this purpose. It is the duty of the State to furnish the means of primary education to the entire youth within her bounds. It is right; it is policy. It is for you to command that such a plan shall be immediately adopted.

(There is some respectful applause. It is interrupted, however, by the beginning of a fight.)

ROUGH: Howsomever what he says may be, I kin lick anyone here!

ANOTHER: Aw, gwan, ye kinnot.

ELEC. COMM.: Get away from here if you want to fight! No fighting near the polls, or I'll run you both in jail.

(The roughs and their adherents withdraw up the hill a little way and there get to work in a ruleless fight beginning with the striking and dodging of blows and soon coming to a clinch and a rough and tumble until one cries "'Nough!" Meantime the Chairman proceeds to introduce the next speaker.)

CHAIRMAN: Fellow citizens, I now have the pleasure of introducing to you our friend and neighbor and representative

in the Legislature, where he shines among his betters, the Hon. Reuben Nichols of Monroe County.

NICHOLS: My friends and neighbors, and may I call all of you my constituents, this is not the time for me to display my powers of eloquence. You have listened to fine speaking from our friend here from Crawfordsville. I had no college education like he had. I'm just a plain man, like anyone of you. It may be that I shall come to consider this here question of free schools later, setting as your representative in the halls of legislation at the State capital. I want right here and now simply to say what I think and what I 'spect you think on this here proposition of raising the taxes for educating other people's children. I'm in favor of education, my fellow citizens, just the same as Mr. Mills is, but the real question is, how 're ye going to get it! I believe the best education a man can get is from *life*! And the sooner a man gets out into life, the better, for then he's a-getting to the best there is. Think of your old father and your old mother what brought you up! Do you want to be better off than them? I say shame on you if you do! Follow in their footsteps! Imitate the best ye can their noble example! There's more education in that, in my opinion, than in all the books what was ever printed, or was ever worshiped in a college like that 'ar at Crawfordsville, or like this one of our 'n here at Bloomington, for I want to tell you, my fellow citizens, that if we've got to have a college, we've got one right here as good as any of our own, and I believe in the home product. (*Cheers.*) Yes, friends, the *home* product. Thet's what I believe in! Now there was one thing the last speaker said that attracted my attention. I agree with him in it. But I do n't believe it means just what he made it out for to mean. He says, "What costs nothing is worth nothing." The man what do n't want his childern educated enough to *pay* for it do n't want them educated much, and let me tell you, my friends and neighbors, that man won't care more for it for someone else paying for it instead of him, whether it is the State or who it is.

A MAN IN THE CROWD: Thet's right! I ain't married. Why should I pay for larnin' your children,—how many ye got?

OTHER MAN: Well,—who is to pay fer them?

NICHOLS: My friends, I love my childern and I want to feel the cost of their schoolin'! I think it is the same way with all of you! The last speaker has said a good deal about the people of Indiana not being able to read and write as much as in other States where they do not have to work so hard to earn an honest living as we do here. Talking against his State! Yes, but I shall say nothing of that. *Why?* Will I not stand up for my State, and the people of my State? I'll tell you why! I wipe away all his figures, his one in 5.9 and 2.3! *Three-tenths of a person!* Why should I answer such arguments! Do *you* want me to? No, but I will tell you why: it is not books that make fine men and tender women, but character!

ANOTHER MAN: Why should one pay for others? Eddikashin ain't charity.

NICHOLS: See here, it is conscience that makes a man do what's right, not books! Am I right? So why pay attention to figures? If other States can read more books and write more useless nonsense, Indiana can show finer men and more lovable women, and the way the people from the east is coming across the mountains into the State of Indiana proves that they know it over there theirselves and thet they are leaving their old homes and coming to Indiana as fast as they can get here. My friends, I thank you. Vote for free schools and higher taxes if you want to.

(Amid roars of applause he comes down. There is a stampede over to the polls, where the crowd is so great that the voting is impeded.)

ELEC. COMM.: Say, Tom, get a couple of fellows and start a fight over there, so we can ease off this crowd a bit. We are swamped. Stay back there, men!

(Tom does it with great success; a fine fight is soon going on a few rods away and the voting goes on more easily. Men come through with transit and other instruments, surveying for the New Albany and Salem Railroad. The Chairman calls to the men to come back to the speaking.)

CHAIRMAN: Here, men; here, men! Speaking ain't over! It is now my privilege as it is always a pleasure to introduce to you a man who even though he is a professor at the

University, we know better as our own townsman. He come from the east and he ain't been here long, but all the same he is a real western man! Professor Daniel Read. He's a-going to the Constitutional Convention.

CROWD: That's what he is! We'll send him there!

(General applause as Professor Read with an informal geniality but with nonetheless a fine dignity mounts the platform and, smiling, bows to the crowd. The principals in the fight make it up between them and send all the men to hear Professor Read.)

READ: My friends and fellow-citizens: What are these men doing over here? Do I not understand that they are surveying the route for a railroad? for the New Albany & Salem Railroad that is to pass through Bloomington? Is it not true that many of us have invested money in the bonds of this railroad company? I have taken some of the stock, all I could afford, and many of you here before me have. I understand that our friend here, Judge Nichols, has bought railroad stock.

NICHOLS: I have. I believe in the railroad, and I want everyone to know it.

READ: Judge Nichols says that he believes in the railroad and has bought stock in it. Can it be that he is so untrue to his dear old father and mother as not to be content with the means of transportation that they had? *(Laughs.)* My parents wanted me to have greater advantages than they had and they toiled and endured hardship that I should have them. You and I wish our children to have greater advantages than we have had in turn. If we do not, *then* shame on us! Judge Nichols will agree with me, I think, in saying that nothing was good enough for the old folks. It does not therefore follow that what they had was good enough for them. It is our duty to them as well as to ourselves and to our children to advance beyond what they had both in the matter of roads and railroads and in the matter of schools and colleges. *(Cheers.)* You are deciding today whether or not to send me as your representative to the Constitutional Convention. *(Cries of We will! We will!)* In the few minutes at my disposal I want to tell you of a matter closely concerning you and the whole State which will come before the convention, and I want to tell you what my attitude on the

question will be. An attack will be made upon our University, very probably, in the form of a resolution that the income from its land endowment fund be distributed among the church colleges of the State in proportion to their attendance. If this attack is made, a resolution will be introduced by the Hon. John Pettit, of Tippecanoe County, to the effect that all trust funds held by the State shall remain inviolate, and be faithfully applied to the purposes for which the trust was created. This will protect the University and also meet all future contingencies of like character. My position on this question will be found to be as follows:

This endowment of the University, my friends, is a fund, not a single dollar of which the State of Indiana ever gave; a fund of which the State is the mere trustee. In regard to this trust fund the State has but a single duty to perform,—in all good faith to carry out the purposes of the fund. (*Cheers.*) If in any way, whether by this diversion of the funds or by leaving the matter unsettled for the present, the faith of the State be not now asserted, you may as well destroy the University at once. Competent men will not come to it as professors, nor remain here; nor will students resort to an institution the tenure of whose existence is uncertain and doubtful. What does your University mean to you and to Indiana? You cannot go into any body of men, whether professional, political, or literary, in this State in which you will not find the sons of your University. Young men of genius and ambition, struggling with poverty, through its provisions have obtained all the advantages of education which wealth can bestow. The rich can send their sons to distant institutions. Not so with the poor and those of moderate means. They must have institutions near at hand, or be excluded from their advantages.

COMMENTS: That's right, what he says. I was going to let my boy go to the collidge, but I ain't got money to send him away. Sure he's right. He's a powerful smart man! He's a clever feller! I'll vote fer him every time, I do n't keer what his politics is!

READ: Then, further, my fellow-citizens, is there nothing due to you who bought the Seminary lands more than thirty years ago after the site of the Seminary, which is now the

University, had been fixed here, and who bought the lands in part at least *because* it had been fixed here? Is it just and honest, is it fair and honorable for the State now to scatter the fund and strike a death blow at a town which has grown up around this institution? (*Cries of No! No! It is not right! Hurrah for Read! Cheers!*)

But some say, let some religious denomination buy out the University property at Bloomington. What denomination wants it? Does yours? Or yours? Will yours buy it? Do you ask for a refusal of it for your church? No man ever heard me utter a syllable against the noble and persevering efforts of some of our religious denominations in building up institutions of education. I honor them. There is room and work for all. And I feel quite sure that, could I have the suffrage of all the colleges of the State upon this question, it would be their unanimous declaration that the State University has a work to perform which is needed in the field of education in Indiana, and which none of them can fill in its place.

Shall we, as a State, proceed thus in the spirit of recklessness to tear down our institutions, and even with the assent of Congress, violate the trust of 1816 when Indiana became a State? No! Let it be written broadly and boldly upon the Constitution itself that the faith of the State is, in regard to these funds as in all matters, to be preserved inviolate and sacred, that public faith is a part of the Constitution of Indiana. This is the position that I shall urge as strongly as may be in me if elected to be a member of the Constitutional Convention. As you believe with me or not in this matter, vote for me or vote against me.

(Loud and prolonged cheers. Men flock over to the polls and pour through the ropes, reach their ballots in over the heads of others and call out their votes for Read. The cook comes down from the barbecue.)

CHAIRMAN: Come, men! Come! The polls close soon. Hurry up there if you want to vote!

COOK: Barbecue's ready! Barbecue's ready! Come, everybody! Eat yer fill!

MEN: I voted fer Read, o' course; he's the man for us; he knows. But I be dinged ef I b'lieve in raising the taxes!

No sir-ree, I 'm agin free schools. Ef we send Read to the Convention thet 's all we need t' do.

CHAIRMAN: Silence, men, silence! Here's the vote!

MEN: Git up on the platform! Shut up, you fellers! Go up thar, Ben!

CHAIRMAN: The vote on free schools paid for by extra taxes is 307 against and 128 for; lost by 179. (*Cheers.*) For representative to the Constitutional Convention Daniel Read is elected. (*Loud cheers.*) His vote is 383 out of the 435 ballots cast. The balance of 42 votes was divided among three men. I will not give their names. Daniel Read is elected. I present him to you!

(There is tremendous shouting and cheering. Professor Read is made to go up on the platform and bow again and again. There are calls for a speech. Finally, as the only way to stop the demonstration, he puts up his hand for silence.)

READ: My friends and fellow-citizens, I thank you most, most sincerely for the confidence you have expressed in me. I will do my utmost to be worthy of *my* trust. (*Laughs.*) It is evident that the people of Bloomington are devoted to the interests of their University and of their State, and will loyally do their utmost to support it. The cook is vociferously making it known that the barbecue is ready. Let us all go and enjoy together what has been provided for us.

(With cheers and many crowding up to offer congratulations and promises of support, all go off together in the direction whither the Cook, armed with his big fork, is beckoning them.)

EPISODE FIVE: NORTH AND SOUTH (1861)

(From the south end of the grandstand comes a pedlar, crying his wares. A few men and women pass along as on the street. To them the pedlar tries to show what he has to sell. One man stops and pretends to buy, but talks quietly and rapidly with him.)

PEDLAR: Better buy. Good quality as you'll get in Indianapolis or Louisville.

CUSTOMER: No, not this time; another time maybe. When will you be around again?

PEDLAR: About ten days.

(At the same time three horsemen are seen riding quickly up the drive from Kirkwood Avenue. One stops his horse, looks over toward the grandstand and starts to ride across. He calls to his companions and they also ride across. They come up to the pedlar, look at him, then at some of the passersby, and then address him. They wear broad-brimmed hats, ride freely, are armed, and have handcuffs hanging from their saddle horns.)

SLAVE HUNTER: Hey! You pedlar! Seen a wagon with five men and two women in it pass this way? A hay wagon.

PEDLAR: No. Seen a wagon, but could n't say it had the people you want in it.

SLAVE HUNTER: Which way did it go?

PEDLAR: Up that way. Passed it about mile or so outside of town, going right smart pace.

SLAVE HUNTER: That may be them. *(To his companions)*
Come!

(Digging spurs into their horses, they gallop off up the road the way the pedlar pointed. From the north end of the grandstand comes a hay wagon. On it are two white men, one driving, the other sitting on top of the hay and keeping watch; both armed. Also on the wagon are three negro men and two negro women. The pedlar sees them as they approach, turns out of his way to hail them and offers them his wares.)

PEDLAR: Fine kitchen ware! Pots and pans! Take them

right home with you! Cheap as you 'll buy anywhere!
—Hello, John!

GUARD: This you, Turner?

PEDLAR: Yes. Which way 'd you come? Been looking for you.

GUARD: Up through Ira Caswell's, then Cockrum's, and Dr. Posey's coal bank at Petersburg; after that around by way of Bedford. Safe up here at last, are n't we?

PEDLAR: No. Lot of people round here from Carolina. They came to Indiana to get away from slavery, but they 're not abolitionists, so ride close till you get north of Indianapolis. Some slave hunters on your track.

GUARD: Looking for us?

PEDLAR: What 've you got?

GUARD: Three men and two women.

PEDLAR: Yes, they 've got your description. I sent them up that way. I came down that way and knew you had not gone along.

GUARD: Get in, you people! Get in!

PEDLAR: Yes, get in. Tom (*to driver*), you better turn up that way and take the back wood road up above Morgantown.

(The negroes jump down off the wagon, keeping close, evidently much frightened. The guard pitches off a few forks of hay, disclosing a large hole in the middle of the load. One by one the negroes then climb up and get down into the hole, after which the guard replaces some hay loosely on top again.)

GUARD: Sit close in there. Do n't bulge the hay out, so it 'll show.

(The hay wagon drives off by the Observatory. The pedlar continues to cry his wares. Again people pass through, some of them talking quite excitedly about the general situation. Ladies show some feeling of prejudice and of preference toward those they meet. The pedlar lingers in the neighborhood. A telegraph boy goes through.)

MAN: Any news from Washington, boy?

BOY: No, sir. Private despatch for Abram Buskirk.

SECOND MAN: We must preserve the law on both sides until the slavery question is amicably settled.

THIRD MAN (*leading a horse*): That will never be. We might as well be well prepared. The South is getting ready and is sending spies all through the North and agents to confer with Copperheads and Butternuts.

SECOND MAN: You only do harm by stirring up hostility. You do more harm than good.

THIRD MAN: We must be ready.

(The slave hunters come back. One sees the pedlar, and beckons him to him. The third man notices this and approaches them.)

SLAVE HUNTER: You say you saw the wagon go that way?

PEDLAR: I saw a wagon go that way. Be careful, there are abolitionists around here.

SLAVE HUNTER (*to the others*): This man will help us. He's all right.

PEDLAR: I come from Carolina.

SLAVE HUNTER: How many men were there on the wagon that you saw?

PEDLAR: Two. Two white men up on top the hay. I thought I saw two others walking by the load, but they were on the other side of the wagon from me. I could not see them, if they were black or white. I never thought.

SLAVE HUNTER: Ha! Hm!

PEDLAR: How far did you go? As far as the forks? And then which way?

THIRD MAN: What you want 'round here?

SLAVE HUNTER: What are you? What's that to you?

THIRD MAN: Enough. That way's your road. Ho, fellows, I tell them that's their road!

OTHERS: That's what it is.

(Other young men come up and join the third man. Others still come in, some on horseback, some on foot, and gather around the third man. The slave hunters start to draw their revolvers. The third man stops them by a sign of his hand as several of his friends start to draw also.)

THIRD MAN: We want no trouble here. Now leave!

(The slave hunters take a look around, judge the time for resistance would be ill-advised, and sullenly ride off the way they came. The others watch them as they go. The slave hunters, after they have gone back a way, stop and look up the other way, considering whether or not to try that road. Thereupon the Northerners start after them and follow them out.)

THIRD MAN: Fellows, we must take this up systematically, and do as we said,—organize. Come to my house, all of you, tonight and we will organize the Monroe County Night Watchers.

OTHERS: All right. We'll be there.

THIRD MAN: Bring others,—if you know for sure that they are all right.—Say, what are those fellows doing now? Let's after them and see them out of town and a good piece on their way.

(Excitement becomes evident among the people.)

MAN: What! Have you heard the news? Sumter is fired on; actually fired on.

OTHERS: Fired on? War!

MAN: The President has called for troops! Thank God we have a company all ready, drilled and prepared to go!

(There is great confusion and ever-increasing excitement. People hurry back and forward, telling each other the news, women and young people as well as men. The Court House bell rings. Bugles and drums are heard calling the recruits to arms. Here and there a young soldier hurries through, more and more frequently. At last an officer, Captain James R. Kelley, and a sergeant, James S. Black, ex-'61, come in, followed by fife and drum and bugler.)

KELLEY: Sound assembly!

(The bugle sounds first call for assembly and then the fife and drum take up the call until the bugle sounds again. The soldiers come pouring in. Their families and friends also come with them. The assembly itself is sounded. There is silence as the company is formed. Miss Mary Maxwell and Miss Mary Anna Ballantine come in, carrying a beautiful new flag which the young women of the town and of the Seminary have made for the company. They are also accompanied by one of the ministers of the town and by the Mayor of Bloomington. All the people sing THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE RE-

PUBLIC. *At the end, the two young ladies advance toward the company. Miss Ballantine holds the flag, as Miss Maxwell speaks, reading her address from manuscript.)*

MISS MAXWELL: We come to bid you God-speed. Our fair land, which a few short weeks ago lay in tranquility and repose, is now bristling with bayonets. With drums beating and banners floating upon the breeze, the streets of our towns and cities are thronged with soldiers. Our barracks and our public buildings are filled to overflowing; the camps and tents are full, for the southern leaders have trained their guns on the flag and Sumter has fallen.

You are fighting for your country and your country's honor. Fight on until our flag is again hailed with that allegiance and honor, love and respect that is its due, and which until recently it has ever received. When this is accomplished, then stay thy hand. Hold out the olive branch to your misguided brothers. We know them to be generous and daring, gallant and brave. While you are a sturdy foe, be also a magnanimous one.

This banner in behalf of your mothers, wives, sisters, and friends we now present to you. The flag of our infant colonies, the flag of our Revolutionary sires, the flag which proudly asserts and maintains our country's present greatness, we commit to your keeping. We will pray that the God of battles may watch over you, shield and protect you from every danger and return you in safety to your homes.

(Miss Maxwell takes the flag from Miss Ballantine and steps forward with it.)

CAPT. KELLEY: Sergeant Black, you receive the flag.

(Sergeant Black takes the flag from Miss Maxwell and turns with it to his comrades, holding it high over his head.)

BLACK: Boys, will you be loyal to this flag, and die for it if necessary?

ALL *(with a great shout)*: We will!

BLACK *(turning around to Miss Maxwell again)*: Every man has answered for himself. We will be loyal to the flag. We will fight under it and for it,—and, if it be our lot, we will gladly die under it. We all of us thank you for the flag more than I can say. It will represent you to us, our mothers and sisters and wives and friends who made it,

as well as our country. We promise you to be worthy of you and it.

“Flag of the free heart’s hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given!
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven!
Forever float that standard sheet,
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom’s soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom’s banner streaming o’er us!”

KELLEY: Present, arms!

(Sergeant Black returns with the flag to his place in the center of the company. The fife and drums sound as Captain Kelley brings his company to Carry and then to Right Shoulder and marches them off to the drive and then down Kirkwood Avenue. The mothers and families and friends wave to them as they go, keeping cheerful as best they may, but heartily sending them forth on the path of duty and loyalty.)

EPISODE SIX: THE NEW REGIME (1883)

(Enter the three Monroe County Commissioners, W. S. Walker, J. D. Handy, and William B. Baker, with the architect, discussing the plans for the proposed new Court House.)

WALKER: Splendid! Splendid!

HANDY: That will put Monroe County ahead!

ARCHITECT: How soon will you be able to begin?

WALKER: At once. At once.

BAKER: We have the bonds.

WALKER: There they are! *(producing bonds)* \$50,000 for the new Court House!

(Nat U. Hill comes along. He greets the others cordially, and shakes hands with the architect.)

BAKER: What do you think of those plans, Mr. Hill?

HILL *(looking over the plans carefully)*: Fine! Very satisfactory! Bloomington must have the best and *(turning to the architect)* it looks as if you were giving it to us.

(The County Commissioners and the architect go out. At the same time Dr. James D. Maxwell, Prof. Elisha Ballantine, Prof. Theophilus A. Wylie, and Prof. Daniel Kirkwood come in, very much worried, harassed in manner. As soon as they see Mr. Hill, they go straight toward him.)

MAXWELL: Have you heard anything, Mr. Hill?

HILL: Nothing yet, Dr. Maxwell.

BALLANTINE: What shall we do? What shall we do, Mr. Hill, if the Legislature turns down the bill appropriating the funds for the University this year?

KIRKWOOD: We should have to close the University.

MAXWELL: We are in peculiarly straitened circumstances.

WYLIE: We could not weather it!

HILL: I know we are. But I am hopeful, Dr. Maxwell, that we shall not lose.

BALLANTINE: Is there not something that you can do, someone whose assistance you can invoke?

HILL: We have done everything that we can, Doctor.

KIRKWOOD: But the opposition to the University is very strong, and—

HILL: Yes. Do not be discouraged, Doctor. All we can do at present is wait. Be sure of one thing, as long as I live I will not fail the University. Indeed, really,—the bill we have had introduced for a permanent endowment fund for the University,—I really hope it may go through.

MAXWELL: If only it might! If only it might! But the enemies of the University have too strong a hold on the Legislature for us to get that this session. I shall be thankful if we can keep our usual appropriation.

HILL: The enemy *feel* strong, and they have good reason for it. Therefore I am hopeful that we may catch them. However, I have asked Judge McMullen of Aurora to telegraph me as soon as the vote is taken.

BALLANTINE: May it not be necessary to accede something to those who wish to remove the University from Bloomington, rather than to let it be given up entirely?

WYLIE: I must say they present a very cogent argument.

HILL: The University shall not be discontinued, and it shall not be taken away from Bloomington. That is the scheme of the other side. If they can put it out of business here, then in another year, they will revive it and move it.

(Smoke is seen to curl up from one of the University buildings beyond the trees. Professor David Starr Jordan comes hurriedly and with great delight from the direction of town, waving his umbrella. No one has yet noticed the smoke.)

JORDAN: Passed! Passed! It has passed!

MAXWELL: What has passed?

JORDAN: The permanent endowment bill!

HILL: That's all right!

OTHERS: Thank God! Thank God for His mercies and blessings!

JORDAN: We owe this chiefly to you, Mr. Hill!

MAXWELL: Under God, we do, we do.

HILL: Well, by thunder, the University is safe now, anyway!

MAXWELL: Everything is safe.

(There is mutual shaking hands, interrupted by a cry of "Fire!" repeated more and more. The men, startled, turn and see the smoke and the flames.)

JORDAN: Can it be the University!

HILL: It is; it is the University!

BALLANTINE: All is lost!

(They instantly start off in the direction of the fire. The Bloomington Fire Department responds. The hand-drawn engine rushes through. People of the town make a continuous stream of people hurrying in that direction, as the flames mount higher and higher and the smoke pours up more and more dense. Mr. Hill returns. He stands, a lone, solitary figure, watching the conflagration, and then walks off in the opposite direction, toward town, in a very determined manner. Dr. Maxwell and the three professors return, greatly agitated.)

BALLANTINE: The Library is burning! It will all be lost!

KIRKWOOD: The new astronomical instruments!

WYLIE: The David Dale Owen geological museum will be destroyed!

MAXWELL: The records! In some way they must be preserved!

WYLIE: The ichtheosaurus! Oh the ichtheosaurus! We must save it! It cost \$2,000! Save the ichtheosaurus!

(They go running back to rally help for their special departments. The noise and excitement of the fire continue. Dr. Wylie runs back again, in vain trying to find means to rescue the ichtheosaurus. Then four firemen come from the fire, carrying a large cast of a turtle, which they put with pride down on the ground.)

FIREMEN: Here, Dr. Wylie, here's your icktheo-what's-its-name!

WYLIE: Where, oh where! That is not the ichtheosaurus; that is only a turtle!

(Alfred R. Rowe, the University Treasurer, joins the distressed group.)

MAXWELL: All is lost, Mr. Howe! All is lost!

HOWE: And just when prosperity seemed to be at our doors at last!

MAXWELL: Nothing can prevent it now. This is the occasion the enemies of the University wanted. They will move the University now, if not do away with it.

HOWE: That is the danger. Yes, that is certain to be the result.

ALL: Everything is indeed lost!

(Mr. Hill, the three Monroe County Commissioners, Gen. Morton C. Hunter, Henry Clay Duncan, John H. Loudon, and Capt. W. J. Allen come toward the group. At the same time Judge Myers and Mr. Jenkinson of the Board of Trustees come up.)

WALKER: Dr. Maxwell and gentlemen of the Board of Trustees, speaking as senior member of the Monroe County Board of Commissioners, I have to say that we have come in behalf of the people of Monroe County to present to the University the sum of \$50,000. Everyone realizes the disastrous results that may come not only to the University but to the city of Bloomington and to the whole county as well and this action has therefore without delay for formality been determined upon.

MAXWELL: What's all this? What does it mean? What are you doing? I must understand.

MYERS: Where does this money come from?

MAXWELL: Wherever it comes from, I am sure under the providence of God, Mr. Hill has something to do with this great benefaction.

HILL: Well, by thunder, the University is safe anyway.

MYERS: But where does the money come from?

WALKER: It is the \$50,000 the County had raised for a new Court House. The University needs the money more than Monroe County needs a new Court House.

HUNTER: And Monroe County needs the University more than it needs a new Court House.

DUNCAN: It was an emergency and had to be met in some way.

SEVERAL: But what will the County do for a Court House?

HILL: We shall have to get along with the one we have a while longer.

MAXWELL: That may be for another whole generation.

HILL: Yes, for about twenty-five years or so, as I figure it.

WALKER: Oh, I guess we can repair or remodel the old Court House in a year or so and then it will answer its purpose very well for a while longer.

MAXWELL: Gentlemen, speaking as President of the Board of Trustees of Indiana University, I must express the hearty and grateful appreciation of the University for this gift from the people of Monroe County and assure them that the University is sincerely devoted to the interests of its neighbors here in Bloomington and vicinity.

JENKINSON: This is most timely!

MYERS: It saves the University! A most noble gift!

HILL: Nothing could have been worse than to let Bloomington lose the University. Something had to be done to enable the University to rebuild on a scale such as will forever settle the question of removal.

MAXWELL: That is indeed settled, for a generation at least. And of equal importance, this generous help ensures vital and cordial coöperation between the city and the University for years and years to come.

MYERS: Gentlemen, this conflagration is a torch lighting the path of the future, not merely a destructive blaze in our way. The University must take a fresh start from this time forth. This noble gift of the people makes it possible and makes it obligatory. Ought we not move the University to a new campus, better situated for the future growth of the institution?

TRUSTEES: That is true. We should move the campus.

JENKINSON: New work calls for a new man. I wish to call to your minds the question of the new President, whom we must elect. Who shall it be?

HILL: There he comes! There comes the new man!

(Mr. Hill points to where is seen coming toward them the tall, massive figure of David Starr Jordan, followed by his dog. He comes toward them. They greet him cordially and with some significance of manner, though not apprising him of their intentions.)

MAXWELL: Dr. Jordan, the Trustees are considering the question of moving the University to a new site here in Bloomington, and with the money from the insurance, \$20,000, the money given by the County, \$50,000, and the money that would be realized from the sale of the old campus, making a new start in every particular, on a scale that would forever settle all question of the permanency of the University and its place in the State and in the nation. We should like to know what educational policy would, in your opinion, best develop our resources and opportunities.

JORDAN: Study by investigation and the development of pure and applied science. Every field of knowledge is vital with power for culture, so it be properly, scientifically studied.

TRUSTEES: We are glad to hear you say so. We agree with you.

(They nod approvingly to each other. All turn to go back home. The fire is out. The people and the fire engine come streaming back.)

III. THE AGE OF WOOD AND STONE

With brilliant music based on the Hope and Determination motifs, there rush out at either end of the grandstand groups of spirits that immediately radiate out with a center of Determination spirits at the bases and rays of Hope spirits shooting out from them. A vibration of these rays continues through the interlude.

From these groups comes on one side with the motif of Light in the music the figure of the University, and from the other side the figure of the City. They ascend the slope and meet at the top near the Observatory, where they give each other salutation. The music softens as the two geniuses of the community call upon each other for mutual help in the service of the people.

THE CITY: The fire, the holy fire of civic life,
Thou Spirit Guardian of the Higher Things,
Now kindle with thy torch of Light and Truth
Before the portals of my children's homes!

THE UNIVERSITY: But where the altar, where the sacred
hearth,
Whereon the purifying fire shall burn?

THE CITY: An altar I will build of mine own rock.

THE UNIVERSITY: Then from thy homes shall come the fire
of life,
And all the blessing of the State abide
Here by thine altar fire through endless days!

THE CITY: So on this hillside should we build a seat
Whereon might Indiana sit enthroned!

THE UNIVERSITY: Together then forever shall we serve
The gathering generations of the State!

THE CITY: That altar I will build, that throne erect!
O ye who quarry forth and shape my rock
To fashion high the stately dreams of men,—
O ye who hew my trees and carve their trunks
To serve the needs of daily human life,—
Build here an altar; here erect a throne!

At the command the motion among the spirits becomes

much more accented, and from either end comes a short procession representing one the stone and the other the furniture industries of Bloomington. The music becomes a stately march. In the lead on both sides come several spirits of Determination, while other spirits of Determination and spirits of Hope are interspersed in the procession. The workmen and women in both processions are accompanied by their families. They are costumed in a beautiful conventionalization of their usual overalls and dresses. The two industrial groups meet moving in a semi-ellipse and later pass out at the opposite sides.

In the van of both industrial groups come two wagons, one with blocks of oolitic stone for an altar, the other with shaped pieces of wood for a massive seat or throne. These are taken out, carried up to the place where the City and the University stand and put together. Other of the workmen and women bring wood for fuel which they leave by the rising altar. The throne is placed farther up the hill than the altar. As this proceeds the Indiana motif becomes stronger and stronger in the music. As the City and the University light the community fire and the smoke rises through the air, the figure of Indiana appears at the top of the hill, her hands raised in blessing over the fire. She comes down and takes her seat on the throne. The three figures remain there through the rest of the pageant, the City holding the State flag.

At the command
Build here and
To serve the
O ye who
To fashion
O ye who
THE CITY: That art
The cath
THE UNIVERSITY:
Whereon
THE CITY: So on
Here by
And all
of
THE UNIVERSITY
THE CITY: An

EPISODE SEVEN: THE CITY SCHOOLS

(A Backwood Jay, aspirant for office, and two citizens of Bloomington come in, talking assiduously. From the other direction slouches a tramp. The tramp gets a glimpse of Jay and evinces interest and tries to keep around so as to get a chance to talk with him.)

JAY: Maybe I am what yer might call a newcomer. Still I'm not asking for no sort of real office. I just say, Git me elected School Superintendent and I will go without any money, 'cepting the salary. And I'll set an example of economy in the administration of the schools. D'ye see?

BROWN: Taxes are high. We need economy in the city administration.

JAY: Of course you do! And where should you begin? At home! That's the schools.

GREEN: Maybe we might get along as well, the way you say. But I do n't know as we'd ought to fire the Superintendent we've got now.

JAY: Why not? He's been there—how long? What good is he anyway? What has he done for *you*? Now if I were Superintendent,—if you had any young friend you wanted to do a favor to, wanted to help make a start in life, all you need do would be give him a note to me. D'yer see?

BROWN: That might be all right for teachers, but I don't know no teachers, not that I think of. Teachers are n't much in politics.

JAY: But anyone can teach. They do. Just while they're getting a start in life; do n't know what else to do. Think of all the great men and women that began with teaching, and then went into something else!

GREEN: That's a fact. But they seem to think that you need special training to be a teacher nowadays.

JAY: Pooh! They've got lots of tall notions nowadays. Just their graft, to hold on to their jobs,—that's all. The good old three R's! A man what really knows them has all the education he needs if he's got the stuff in him. That may be putting it strong, but—you understand. I

was brought up on the spellin' book and the birch switch and little else. Lickin' an' larnin', they used to call it. Nothin' like it! Nothin' like it!

BROWN: Well, it's pretty nice, some of the things they teach the children these days. I wish I'd been taught 'em!

JAY: Oh yes, nice! And pretty! You have said it exactly. But this is a matter of business and politics, and nothing must interfere. Now I know what you want, d'ye see? and I'm in a position to help you, but if I'm Superintendent of Schools of Bloomington I can help you more. So why let anything like theories about education come in between?

BROWN: Well, I don't know,—maybe it's just different ways of running schools, and I do n't say but what you'd run 'em all right.

JAY: Sure. Now you're talking. And we can get this all fixed up in no time. Anyone you want to help a bit,—d'ye see?—send 'em to me! You help me, too. With the two of you and your influence, it's all done.

GREEN: Well, I do n't quite like turning on this man. He's been pretty good as a Superintendent, I think, and I like him, sort of a friend of mine.

JAY: All right. So much the better. You can go to him as a friend and tell him confidentially that his ideas are all right and so forth and we have not anything against him, but he's had his turn and he ought to give some one else a chance.

GREEN: But he—

JAY: Bah! Turn him out, the way you turned Margaret McCalla out. You were not squeamish then! A fine woman and a fine teacher! You did not hesitate about turning her out, so why hesitate now? You're **nothing** but a pair of grafters anyway! You throw out Margaret McCalla and then choke on throwing this man out for me, do you? That's friendship! See here! Are you for me or against me? That's the whole point here, d'ye see? Come out in the open and tell me square, man to man! Do you want me for a friend or an enemy?

GREEN: Of course I want you for a friend—

JAY: Of course you do. And you can try me right off. Go and send me any young friend of yours you like and as soon as I have the schools in my hands I'll find him a nice little berth, see if I do n't. Come on, now. You turned Miss McCalla out for a friend. Do it again! Turn this feller out for me!

GREEN: Well,—

(They part, leaving in opposite directions. Jay starts off and then stops, turns back and watches the two citizens depart with considerable satisfaction. The tramp comes shuffling up to Jay, begging in a very abject manner.)

TRAMP: Would you give a poor man ten cents to get something to eat? I have n't had a bite since—

JAY: Be off with you! Go to work!

TRAMP: I cannot get work. I've tried for three weeks now and my poor old mother—

JAY: Come, get out of here, with your poor old mother. That does not go with me.

TRAMP: Then shell out to an old partner, Bill.

JAY: What are you talking about? Who are you?

TRAMP: Do n't you know me, Bill? Sure we hit the road together enough, and not so long since, neither.

JAY: Well, I'll be— Is it you, Mike? But do n't hang around me this way. I do n't want —

TRAMP: You do n't want to be seen with me, eh? Well, then, help me out, and I'll be nothing but a beggar. What you doin' here, Worthless Bill?

JAY: I'm living here. I'm a citizen of Bloomington now. Married and—

TRAMP: And goin' to be Superintendent of Schools, eh?

JAY: How'd you know?

TRAMP: I have ears. Superintendent of Schools! What do you know about schools?

JAY: All I need to know.

TRAMP: Hully Gee! You're a good one! Citizen of Bloomington! Put that on your visiting cards, nice and fancy,

eh? A worthless citizen you be, like you always was as a tramp! Worthless Bill! Your clothes ain't changed yer!

JAY: Get out of here!—Hold on, say! You might be of use to me if you want to, and I'd give you a chance to make a bit for yourself—Go on; here's someone coming.

(The tramp pretends to beg again but hangs around as a couple of young applicants for teachers' positions come in. One, a young man named Black, comes in with Brown; the other, a young woman, with Green,—the citizens who before were talking to Jay.)

BLACK: I—a—wanted to make your acquaintance.

JAY: Glad to meet you!

BROWN: A young friend of mine, who is thinking of making education his life work, and I told him you would be able to advise him.

JAY: Glad to see him!

GREEN: And this is my daughter.

JAY: Yes, glad to see you, Miss; glad to make your acquaintance. I shall hope to see more of you both, especially if you aim to be teachers. Now you have friends, and—until the future policy of the Bloomington schools is settled, there will be opportunity for you to be of great service to me, which, I assure you, I shall appreciate, d'ye see?

(A Doctor comes in with a broad grin, carrying a physician's bag and extending his hand.)

DOCTOR: Congratulations, my dear sir, congratulations! You are a father!

JAY: What! And how is the wife? How is she?

DOCTOR: Doing splendidly! Doing splendidly!

JAY: And I'm a father! All right, is she?

DOCTOR: Doing as well as they possibly could,—both mother and children.

JAY: Children?

DOCTOR: Twins, my dear sir! You are the father of twins!

JAY: Twins!

DOCTOR: Twins. A fine, bouncing boy, and a darling girl!

JAY: Hully Gee!

TRAMP: Haw! Haw! Haw! One on you! *Two* on you!

JAY: Get out of this!

DOCTOR: Fine, healthy children! The nurses are bringing
ing them for their father to see! Here they are!

(Two nurses bring in the children, each carrying one. Jay looks pretty rueful at first and depressed. The tramp hangs around, laughing and mocking him. Jay looks first at one and then at the other infant. Then he laughs, slaps his leg and gets more and more excited and delighted as he goes back and forth from one to the other.)

NURSE: Take him! Hold him!

JAY: I do n't know how.

NURSE: Here, I'll show you.

TRAMP: Ha, ha, ha!

(The doctor and the nurse initiate Jay into the art of holding a baby. He gets more and more delighted and laughs with parental pride.)

JAY: Ha, ha! Mine! I can feel him on my arm! Is this
the him or the her? Ha, ha, ha! Give me the other one,
too!

(The doctor and the two nurses show him how to hold two babies at the same time and help him to do it.)

JAY: Ha, ha, ha! Say, Brown, want to hold them? No,
I guess you would better not! Won't let you! You might
drop them!

TRAMP: You're good for nothing but the lunatic asylum or
some kind of a home now!

JAY: Get out of here! Get out of here, I tell you! *(The
tramp goes only a short way off, however.)*

BLACK: If I might have a word with you, sir,—

JAY: Sure; all you want.

(He gives the children back to the nurses but makes them stay there near him, so he can see the children and watch them.)

JAY: Yes, sir! Now what can I do for you?

BLACK: Mr. Brown was telling me—

JAY: Oh, yes; want a job, eh?

BLACK: Well, we thought we would like to try teaching—

JAY: Oh! (*Looks at the children, then at young Black and Green's daughter*). Oh! But what do you know about teaching? What do you know about children?

BLACK: We do not pretend to long experience in that line—

BROWN: But say, Jay, you know what you was a-telling Green and me about all this. That's what they mean. They do n't know nothing about teaching. That's not the point. They—

JAY: That *is* the point!

GREEN: No, it's not, 'cause you're going to be Superintendent of Schools.

JAY: I'm *not* going to be Superintendent of Schools! What do I know about running schools? That was all right before for other people's children, but by Gee Whitaker! do you understand these children of mine will be going to school before long! Do you understand? They'll be going to school and the schools must be in fine shape for them. I'll not risk them with me as Superintendent of Schools, no sir-ree! What do I know about picking good teachers? Look at that one now! Ain't he cute? When they go to school the teachers must know their job all around and upside down and they must have had *experience*! They must be women like Margaret McCalla! No new greenhorns! This education business is expert work and I won't stand for anyone monkeying with my children! Do you understand! This man—what's his name? Myers!—Myers is going to run these schools. Doctor, how's the milk of this town? Is it fit for my children to drink? Do they look like me, doctor, or like their mother? Heigho! Heigho! Ain't they the cutest ever! Then, the University,—what about that? I must see President Bryan right off!

ALL: What? What do you mean?

JAY: My children will be going to the University in fifteen or twenty years, first thing you know. What do I know about the University, whether it is fit to receive my children or not? You cannot make a good University in two weeks!

ALL: But it *is* a good University, man. It is a great University!

JAY: Well, it may be, but I want to know about it myself! If it is a great University now, it must be a greater University. I do n't know what it needs. I'm going to find out that. I'm going to ask President Bryan what it needs, and then I'm going to see that they get it. But it must be ready in every way or I'll not let my children go there!

GREEN: But what's the matter with you?

JAY: What's the matter with me? These are my children, do you understand!

BROWN: But what are you taking into your head to become such a friend of the University all of a sudden? Just now you want to take the superintendency of schools yourself, and here in ten minutes you won't stand for having the job but swear that Myers must stay in.

JAY: I'm not a friend of the University, you fool, and I'm not a friend of Myers! I'm a friend of my own children! Just look at them! Just look at them! I am sure the University ought to have more money. What can the Legislature be doing! By glory, they must understand that they have got to look out for my children!

APPLICANTS: But we—but we—what shall we do?

JAY: You? You? You? What can you do? Can you teach? If so, prove it, and prove it before my children get to school. I want only experts to teach my children, women like Margaret McCalla. The University can help the schools a lot in that, by Gemini! I'm sure it can. This is an important matter!

TRAMP: Man, you're crazy. You've gone crazy over your children.

JAY: Crazy!

ALL: Yes, he's crazy.

JAY: Crazy! Crazy! Crazy! Ha, ha, ha! Worse than that! I've got common sense! Give me those children! I must take them to their mother, and then I'm going to see Superintendent Myers about their education. They must have the best. And he'll know all about it!

DOCTOR: Let the nurses take them.

JAY: No, they might drop them!

ALL: He's crazy; he's crazy!

JAY: Crazy, am I? You go have children,—twins!—and see!

(He starts off with the two children in his arms to take them to their mother and then to go see Superintendent Myers, the others, doctor, nurses,—all of them trailing after him, the tramp bringing up the rear.)

EPISODE EIGHT: THE BLOOMINGTON CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

(The Secretary-Manager of the Bloomington Chamber of Commerce and an Unconvinced citizen come in together. Mr. Brusch is trying to convince the Unconvinced of the value of the Chamber to him as a business man and as a citizen and member of the community.)

THE UNCONVINCED: No, no. I get along very well with my business as it is. Nothing against you personally, but I do not want other people knowing too much about my affairs.

BRUSCH: No disadvantage, and great mutual advantage to every member, you would find.

(A Member of the Chamber comes along.)

MEMBER: Ha, Brusch? The Chamber saved me a nice bit of money!

BRUSCH: How 's that?

MEMBER: I'll confess that when the Chamber first took up that Retail Credit Information Bureau scheme, I was doubtful of it. But it has just saved me \$150 all right, today! I was just going to let a man have some goods for that amount, and I stopped and told the clerk to telephone down to the Chamber and see about the man. I learned that he was graded low, had one good-sized account running more than two years where he came from.

UNCONVINCED: Hm!

MEMBER: Name was Bachelor, Joseph Bachelor.

UNCONVINCED: What! Joseph Bachelor? I sold him a bill of goods yesterday on credit. Promised to pay in a month. He looked honest and business-like.

MEMBER: Oh, yes, he looks all right. I'll say that for him. Then you saved me a lot of time at least and maybe a lot of money on that advertising swindle last week.

BRUSCH: He was a good one, was n't he!

MEMBER: He was the smoothest proposition that ever walked into my office.

UNCONVINCED: What was that?

BRUSCH: Indiana Promoting Association they called themselves.

UNCONVINCED: I took that up. What's the matter with it?

BRUSCH: Oh, nothing, maybe. Worthless to put it mildly. Pure fake, if you want my straight opinion. We looked it up pretty carefully.

MEMBER: Aren't you a member of the Chamber? Better join!

UNCONVINCED: Well, I'll think of it again, I guess. It has its good points, but frankly I think it meddles too much in politics. And I'm not the only one that thinks so either.

MEMBER: Its attitude in public questions is determined on the floor of the house. Every member has a chance to express himself.

BRUSCH: The majority rules when the majority wants to rule and takes the trouble to do what is necessary to rule.

UNCONVINCED: Yes, but—Why go into public questions?

MEMBER: Because we are public citizens. The Chamber is a sort of voluntary town meeting organized by the business men.

BRUSCH: Just in proportion as the Chamber of Commerce takes a stand on public questions will it be a real power in the community. It may not always be right; it may be often wrong. But right or wrong, it will command respect only as it speaks.

MEMBER: The Chamber is a means for us all to get together for the welfare of the whole community, like a telephone system. Brusch here is our central. We keep in touch with each other through him, and we get behind him for all we are worth in any action the Chamber votes to take.

UNCONVINCED: What are you doing now?

BRUSCH: We have just secured the Dixie Highway. It is coming right through Bloomington and Monroe County. That will bring lots of business here and good business every day. In fact, we organized the campaign for the Dixie all the way from Indianapolis to Louisville.

UNCONVINCED: The deuce you did!

MEMBER: We are giving the city a set of traffic posts today.
See, here is one now.

(A wagon with traffic posts drives in. The driver places one in the middle of the road and drives on. A policeman comes and takes his place by the traffic post. Automobiles drive through, and the officer regulates the traffic, requiring observance of the rules. There is a good stream of traffic. Two cars come along with streamers advertising the Indiana-Purdue game. It stops as two members of the Chamber of Commerce and two students get out and pass around some hand-bills of the game.)

Two wagons come along, country wagons, loaded with farm produce. One farmer is the progressive type and his produce shows the results even at first glance both as to quality and quantity. The other is of the conservative type and he looks it. His produce is pretty poor and small in quantity. The teams correspond to their characters: one has an automobile truck, the other a dilapidated mule. The mule team comes along first, and then the automobile catches up with it and passes it before it comes to a stop.)

LODER: Hello, Mr. Bruschi! Any news about that county farm agent?

BRUSCHI: Purdue will send one here just as soon as they can find a good man. The demand is greater than the supply; that is our trouble.

LODER: Well, I hope we'll get him soon. We need him. I've a mind to go up there myself. I want to know about the Hessian fly. I figure out I might save my crop by it. Hello, Jake! You ought to go in for this. A county farm agent could help you a lot.

SKINNER: Well, I ain't seed yet that he'd do nothing fer me. What some feller what never seen my farm know about my place?

LODER: He knows more about it with his eyes shut than you do with your eyes open,—that's what he knows about it. But all the same, he can't do anything for your farm against your will. But if you get your eyes open and work with him, *you* can do a heap sight with your place. That's the way it was with me.

SKINNER: Well, you had good luck and you'll not deny it. The weather and all 'a ben agin me; hed sickness; my

land gone poor; corn grew in thin; and could n't git good prices. So, what's the use? Yer can't raise nothing without land. Reckon I'll go somers else and try my luck 'ith a new place.

LODER: Join the Bloomington Chamber of Commerce, Jake, like I did, and help get a county farm agent. That will do more for you than luck!

SKINNER: No sir-ree! I ain't got time nor money to be foolin' around with new-fangled notions like thet ar. I've got ter work fer my livin'.

BRUSCH: There you are.

UNCONVINCED: The man's a fool. A county agent would be the best thing on earth for him. The man's a fool.

BRUSCH: He's not the only one.

UNCONVINCED: What's that? Am I in that class? I suppose I am. Good Lord, put my name up for membership next meeting. How much are the dues? Let me pay up right off. How long have I got to wait?

SKINNER: Saw, what'er is this yer crowd settin' up there?

BRUSCH: That's the audience watching the pageant.

SKINNER: Watching the—what?—the paygeant? What's thet?

BRUSCH: The pageant. What is it? Why, you're part of it.

SKINNER: I am? I did n't know it. Looks like there might be good chanct to sell my apples. Apples! Apples! Fine apples to sell! Name yer own price! Try one you, Hi thar!

(He throws a few apples up into the crowd.)

BRUSCH: Hold on there, Skinner. This is not allowed! No concessions on the pageant grounds!

SKINNER: I'm a-sellin' my stuff. Ain't I got a right to sell my own stuff? You might sell yours, too, Loder.

LODER: Mine's sold before I pick it.

SKINNER: It is? Well, I'll be gol durned!

LODER: Drive on down, Sam, and deliver the load at the station. *(The auto truck goes on out.)*

BRUSCH: Quit it, Skinner. You'll have to go down town to peddle your apples. Not allowed at the pageant.

SKINNER: Well, what is this yere paygent? A circus?

MEMBER: The pageant is something to let you know what Bloomington is, what it has been, and what it is going to be. We 're going to follow it up with a Know Bloomington campaign.

SKINNER: Know Bloomington. Ha, wall, I reckon I know Bloomington all right maself. Lived just out here a piece all ma life. Say, what'er is them ar buildings, eh?

BRUSCH: Those are some of the University buildings.

SKINNER: Oh, they be, eh? Hm!

BRUSCH: The University and the Chamber of Commerce got together in putting through this pageant to celebrate the centennial anniversary of the State of Indiana. We are all enacting scenes from the history of Bloomington and of the University to show how everything has come to be as it is and how it will be better still in the future. You are acting in one of those episodes now.

SKINNER: I am, am I?

MEMBER: Yes, Loder here represents the progressive farmer that helps the community by taking hold with the rest of us, and you are the kind that tries to go it alone, does not want anyone else's help, and will not help anyone else in turn.

SKINNER: Wall,—I reckon I better be goin'.

BRUSCH: You stay here a few minutes and you 'll see all the people of the past hundred years. They are all coming back.

SKINNER: What are yer givin' us! All the dead ones?

LODER: Not your kind of dead ones.

BRUSCH: Yes, all the people of a hundred years ago; they are all represented, dressed just as they used to and all.

SKINNER: They 're comin' here?

BRUSCH: Yes.

SKINNER: Right here?

ALL: Yes, right here. All of them. And the band will play for them to come in by, the orchestra.

SKINNER: It's time fer me to be a-gettin' right out of yere.
Hully Gee Whitaker! All the dead uns! Get up, Maud!
Git out a yere!

(He lashes his mule, and turns around sharp and drives off as fast as he can. The orchestra starts to play a few chords. He stops and yells back.)

SKINNER: Hi! Es thet ar them a-comin'? Hold 'em back!
Hold 'em back!

BRUSCH: Not quite yet. There's another episode. Time for you to think it over.

(Skinner disappears over the hill.)

LODER: He'll come back. He'll come back, when he once gets the idea.

MEMBER: Yes, but that is part of our job, to see that he gets the idea, to get all the community working together. Town and County, University and State! The Past and the Present and the Future! All must work together for each other, for Indiana, and for America.

(The orchestra begins to play. The four men go out, looking forward to the coming of the People of the Generations and to take their places in the procession and massing of the Finale. In the end Skinner is seen to be there too. He has come in.)

EPISODE NINE: THE SERVICE OF THE STATE

The orchestra plays a few measures of the Indiana theme marking the transition from one episode to the other. While the music is still sounding the figure of the University turns toward the people and calls her State-wide invitation:

THE UNIVERSITY: Come! Come from all the State, all ye who need

My service! Come! Receive! And then return
To all the State, my service rendering!

In response to this invitation four groups of young people, students, come from the four directions of the compass, their hands held out as to receive the offered service.

THE UNIVERSITY: As I to you reveal the light, unveil
The truth, e'en so do you in turn to all
Upon your way through life reveal the light,
Unveil the truth! Except by these dare not
To live! Except for these dare not to die!
So, ye who bear my torch, who hold my book,
Come light the pathway! Guide! Reveal! Unveil!

There come at her command the President of the University and members of the various Faculties of the University, in their academic robes and bearing symbols of their schools or departments. To them the students go, grouping themselves around them, and all taking their place well up on the slope. Three other groups of students come in, representing athletics, football, basketball, and baseball. At the same time the figure of Light again appears at the top of the hill, comes down and takes his place just above and at one side of the University.

LIGHT: Shine! Shine through all the State! On hill and lake
Thy light to every home and shop send forth!

The Director of the Extension Service with a group of his staff come forward in academic robes bearing symbols of their work,—package libraries, small stereopticon and music records.

THE UNIVERSITY: Through all the State, on hill and lake, my light

Bear forth to every home and shop! Reveal
The light! Unveil the truth! Lead! Guide! Go forth!

The Director and his staff bow in acknowledgment of the command, turn and go out in different directions.

The first two lines of the Hymn to Indiana are sounded. His Excellency, Samuel M. Ralston, Governor of Indiana, goes up from his seat on the grandstand toward the community altar, the President of the University going down to meet him. Immediately after from either end of the grandstand come two persons, one bearing a representation of the Robert W. Long Hospital, and the other a large bag of money representing the Waterman bequest for scientific research. These are given in turn to the Governor who gives them to the State, and receiving them back entrusts them to the President of the University, who assigns them to the Dean of the Medical School, and the Dean of the Graduate School. As each is given into her hands, Indiana will say:

INDIANA: From Robert W. and Clara Long, in trust to the State of Indiana. To reach out mercy to the suffering and to spread the Light of Truth still further into the mysteries of relief.

From Luther Dana Waterman, in trust to the State of Indiana. To speed men onward to the victory of unknown regions of life by feeding the fire of Light and Truth in scientific research.

Indiana then unrolls a scroll representing an Act of Legislature, and reads as therefrom:

From the People of Indiana to the People of Indiana by Act of their Legislature in the administration of the friend of education, Samuel M. Ralston, Governor, beyond request, seeing the light that is spread through all the State, for the increase, support, and use of Indiana University in its mission of Light and Truth, a tax of two and eight-tenths cents on the hundred dollars with at the same time similar provision for the other State educational institutions.

The action then passes immediately into the Finale without pause or interruption.

V. FINALE: CENTENNIAL!

The orchestra bursts into the Light music as the figure of Light raises his torch high, goes to the top of the slope, as a signal to the people of all the past to return. From both sides of the grandstand they pour in singing. At the same time the spirits of Hope and Determination sweep out into a circle on the horizon.

THE HYMN TO INDIANA

To Heaven raise thy star-crowned head,
Superb Indiana!
Thy future to glory wed
Through toil! Praise God! Hosanna!

Arise! Stand! Strive!
Thy faith revive!
With courage and decision
Press onward toward thy vision!

Arise! Firm! True!
Thy strength renew!
God prosper thy gages
To serve the coming ages!

To Heaven raise thy star-crowned head,
Superb Indiana!
Thy future to glory wed
Through toil! Praise God! Hosanna!

Sounding abruptly in the orchestra are heard the first six notes of The Star Spangled Banner as a trumpet call. Indiana turns around and points far off where in the distance is seen America coming on horseback, attended by the other States of the old Northwest Territory,—Ohio, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin. America rides a white horse and is robed in white; she carries on her left shoulder the Shield of the United States and in her right hand the American flag. The States ride dark colored horses, and wear the Shields of their Seals, but do not carry flags, as having no sovereignty in Indiana. All the people of the pageant turn in the direction whence America is coming and raise their hands in acclaim. A Pioneer and a Man of 1816 bring Indiana a horse. She mounts, takes from the City her State Flag, and rides forth to meet America. When she approaches her, Indiana stops and inclines her flag in salute,

an honor which America acknowledges by inclining the American flag. Indiana then rides back with America, to the left and a little behind her.

As America approaches the top of the slope near the Observatory, the orchestra plays The Star Spangled Banner in salutation and all the spirits of Hope and Determination sweep forward until they are quite near. Then all the people join in singing:

THE HYMN TO AMERICA

Forever shine on our mountain heights!
Forever dwell by our valleys' streams!
And may thy stars illumine the nights
Where'er thy glorious banner gleams!

In thee unite the sovereign States!
In thee all trade and commerce live!
To all thou openest wide thy gates;
To all thy name and thy life dost give!

The little child thou dost protect;
The strongest man for his work inspire!
The wayward firmly dost correct;
And guard our homes from flood and fire!

Thy name we share from south to north;
Thine air we breathe from east to west!
Thy glory, America, leads us forth
In victory onward toward the best!

O God, Who givest the breath of life
To peoples of the human race,
Make Thou our land in peace or strife
A Nation strong, of uplifted face!

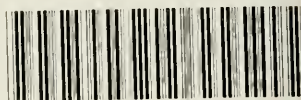
America still seated on her horse raises her flag, and all the people kneel and sing kneeling the prayer stanza of the hymn "America":

AMERICA

"Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of Liberty,
To Thee we sing!
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light!
Protect us by Thy might
Great God, our King!"

All rise, and the music playing the Hymn to Indiana, march in heavy massed column out before America, Indiana, the other States, the City, and the University, into the future, in the direction whence America came. The figure of Light leads the way. The spirits of Hope and Determination converge on the moving column of the people of the pageant and march out with them. When all have passed, the central group comes down toward the grandstand and passes out to the south by the wood road.

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